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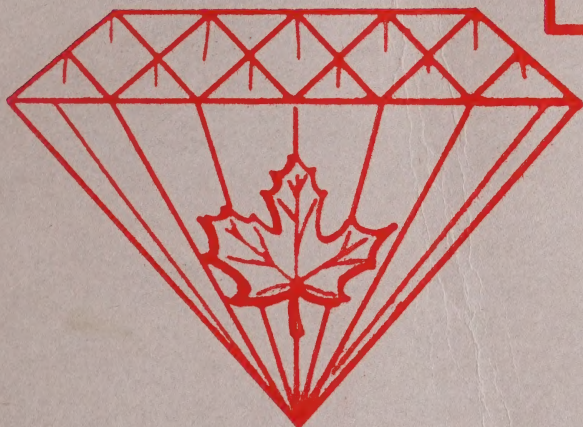
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THE DIAMOND

FOUNDED 1951

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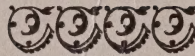
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CENSUS (Feb. 28, 1957)

Total Population	475	Received	32
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Low Number	3254	Tickets of Leave	0
Transferred to K.P.	1		

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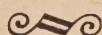
COLLIN'S BAY
DIAMOND
- April -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

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— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

EDITORIAL

Fool's Freedom

William Huddleston

DURING the last few months of 1956, a large number of men were released from this institution, and a goodly percentage of them went via tickets-of-leave. This acted as a tremendous morale builder to the less fortunate ones who still remained.

Being among this latter group, it has been most disheartening for me to sit here and watch so many of these men come back, after they were given the opportunity to return to society. No doubt many arguments will be advanced as to why these men broke the bond of trust under which they were released, but to my way of thinking, there IS no excuse. If a man wants to go straight when he gets out of prison and be an honest and upright citizen, there is nothing in this world that can stop him.

In New York some years ago, a man with no money and no home made up his mind to go to work and make something of his life. How, you might wonder, did he go about it in a city as big and unfriendly as New York, especially as he was flat broke?

The first move of this man was to a public convenience: here he shaved, washed and made himself as presentable as possible. He then began touring the restaurants in the immediate vicinity, and he had not looked long or far before he landed a job as a dishwasher. At the end of the day he consumed a very good meal, collected his day's wages of \$3.50, and left.

Not having enough money to rent a room for a week, he worked out a very unique plan. After an enjoyable stroll along Broadway, he entered a subway, placed his dime in the turnstile, then boarded the train. For two weeks this man slept on the subway train at a cost of fifty or sixty cents a night. Each day that he worked his savings increased, and now, two weeks later, he rented a room, purchased some clothing, and was on his way to becoming a helpful citizen.

What this man did, I will admit, seems a hard row to hoe, but it proves my contention that if a man WANTS to do right, there is no obstacle too big to hurdle.

A few short weeks ago, a chap known to most of us here was released on a ticket-of-leave, having somewhere in the neighborhood of seventy days left to serve. All of us were glad to see him go, and we all wished him luck: today he is wanted for breaking his bond of trust.

The reason for this man breaking the trust placed in him is well known to some of us here—in fact, a prediction was made very shortly after he left this hallowed precinct that this reason would cause him to break his ticket.

This man had more to go to than ninety percent of the men leaving here—a home, a job, and all the help he could handle from a priest and a Provincial worker. Why, then, was his downfall so swift? Wherein lies the blame for it?

Can we blame the people in this institution who recommended him, or the Remissions Board in Ottawa, or his mother or father? Let us not be ridiculous—of course not, none of these are to blame. If any criticism may be levelled at the investigation of his background not being as thorough as it might have been, this, too, cannot be blamed on any department or investigator: on the contrary, some credit for giving the man the benefit of the doubt should accrue to the credit of these people. It is a well known fact that the facilities at the disposal of investigating agencies are limited, and for this very reason, no censure is permissible here: finally, based on all the information at its disposal, there was no cause for the board to suspect that this man would—or wanted to—slip back to his old way of life.

Upon his release, this man went to a Northern Ontario town where there were a few of his old friends. We use the word 'friends' in this instance in the truest sense in which this much-abused word may be descriptive: these friends had help this ex-inmate in the past, and were prepared to stand beside him, and behind him, all the way in this bid for an honest way of life. But there was a girl, a girl who by no stretch of credulity, could be termed unsullied, a girl who headed north!

Lucky You

Anonymous

HAVE you ever paused, during your daily back-breaking labours, to consider just exactly how lucky —how very lucky— you are to be alive? I did the other day, and after taking full cognizance of many related facts, I was forced to the conclusion that lucky is not really the word for it: it is nothing short of ridiculous. Consider the following and perhaps you will agree with me.

Doctors tell us that there are now more sick people and more sickness on this poor, beaten-up old planet than at any other time in its entire history. They forget to mention that there are more poor, beaten-up old people perambulating today than at any previous time. Is it so surprising, then, that there are more sick?

Psychiatrists acquaint us with the knowledge that there is more mental sickness than ever before: we are more neurotic now than we have ever been. How do they know this? Are they conducting clandestine "Bridey Murphys" behind screens and testing the age-regressed subjects for neurosis? Or do they spend much of their time dreaming up new mental disorders to spring upon the poor neurotic populace at opportune moments? What with their frontal lobotomies and bone-curling shock treatments, I wouldn't be surprised to hear that we really are neurotic.

If there is nothing physically or organically wrong with you, don't stand up and cheer, for you should yet count yourself fortunate that you are alive. Remember the automobile manufacturer: why should he want you to linger beyond a reasonably old age —say forty-five? He wants you off the road in order that the speed-happy youngsters can boost the traffic-fatalities figure. To provide you with a simple but effective method of departing from your mortal coil, he gives you not one horse-power, nor two horse-power—nor even three horse-power. He gives you three hundred horse-power, to be used on roads designed mainly for a horse-power rating of around one hundred! So why the extra two hundred? Well, when you hit that telegraph pole you want to break it cleanly, don't you? No messy pieces sticking up all over the

place? And you, in your sudden demise, have no desire to linger, have you? If you have, then that also has been taken care of: safety belts have been provided, along with padded dashboards, splinter-proof glass—and engines of three hundred horsepower! By judicious use of the safety-belt you may ensure being paralysed instead of amortized, but this is merely six of one, half a dozen of another. So much for the guileful automobile manufacturer.

Do you think that because you do not possess one of these three hundred horse-power monsters that you are safe. You are not, for you might possibly step into the path of one when two hundred of the hores are working. Follow me, friend?

And how about the insurance salesman? Of course this is a more subtle and thoughtful approach to the problem, but it is nevertheless as deadly. From the day that you commence working to raise a family, the insurance salesman is forever on your neck pointing out the value of insurance. Not for you, of course! For your better half and growing better quarters or thirds!

What use to you are thousands of dollars worth of insurance? You won't be there to collect them. But think of the many pleasures you can leave your wife when you pop off! Now she can have all the things that thoughtless and useless you were unable to provide whilst you were alive. Of course you could play it coy and insure your wife instead of yourself: the woman next door or in the office will have her husband insured, so between you, you can clean up.

Now, do not think that dying is unpleasant in any way—it is not. You can have a beautiful and painless funeral if you wish. Just run along to one of those morticians who advertise 'Credit Burials' etc. You know the type—start paying for your burial expenses before you even think about living. That way your wife doesn't even have to dig into the insurance money. "Thoughtful you," she says as she takes delivery of the new sable coat—full length. And you turn gently in your new home and sigh.

There are many, many other methods that have been devised in order that you may be relieved of the burden of living—of which lady drivers, blind corners without signs, five-cent admission fees to high buildings are but a few. Perhaps the most classical means yet devised is liquor. The liquor producers have every other competitor 'stilled' in their tracks. And here is how this is so surreptitiously accomplished.

LUCKY YOU

The price of their wares is within the reach of everybody—six-bits for a bottle of joy-juice. Or the hard stuff which can be bought for three or four dollars. Well-drawn and psychologically designed advertisements extol the virtues of their products. Ah! how nice after a hot, hard day to drop in at your favourite bar for a quickie. The guile here is found in your condition at that time. You're tired, hot, exhausted and hungry. But do you 'hurry' home to the little woman and a good meal? No, you hurry to the bar to the little glass with its liquid refreshment. This becomes a daily habit, and eventually your arteries get a little rebellious and decide to get harder than the liquor. And when they do that, Buster—you're a gone gosling. Of course, this is a slow process if carried out alone, but most drinkers find it necessary to drive after drinking, so really it is not a slow process. In fact, it can be unceremoniously fast.

By now you should be well aware of the fact that you are the only one who wants you to live. The medics try to frighten you to death, the automobile manufacturer chromium-plates you to death, the insurance companies provide you with contracts for death, lady drivers encourage fatal apoplexies, mor-

ticians make it so nice and easy, and the coy ones, the liquor proprietors, make it seem like a great big joke. And you? After the combined efforts of all these tricksters to extract your life by one means or another, do you co-operate? Never! You become taciturn, rebellious, pouting, and generally uncooperative. And why? You want to draw you Old Age Pension, and by doing that, you increase the tax burden on your beloved offspring. Selfish, that's what it is—downright selfishness. Don't you see that all these connivers had your best interest at heart? You do? Then you know what to do, don't you?

As a closure, let me reassure those of you who, having struggled gamely on through the the preceding twaddle, are feeling a little less healthy than you so recently were. People are earning more than they ever were: they are working shorter hours for their money: they have more to buy than ever before. They are, in short, living better than ever before, and here is the final, wonderful, awe-inspiring truth—they are living longer than ever before.

So relax now, and think—you are lucky to be alive, aren't you? Lucky to be alive in such a plentiful era. Lucky old you



EDITORIAL

FOOL'S FREEDOM

Shortly after this lady of questionable virtue arrived in town, she was asked to leave, and — you've surmised it — our friend followed her. The result of this sordid, all-too-brief flirtation with evil, is another parole violator. He must now return to penitentiary to finish his time. Can there be any excuse for this man's actions?

For what it is worth, we may point out that this man is young, and he has little regard for the consequences of his folly and no respect or gratitude for those willing to trust him and help him out. But such an action, multiplied many times by others in whom similar confidence has been placed, may have drastic and far-reaching ill effects on those of us who remain in prison.

In my opinion, an older man is a much better parole risk because he is capable of

Continued From page 2

thinking: he realizes what lies before him if he breaks the trust imposed in him, and he will at least make every effort to stay above board, and usually does. Even if this older man does commit another crime, it will not be until his ticket has expired, and there is some cold dollars-and-cents comfort in the thought that he has at least paid some taxes during his time of freedom, should he again become a ward of the government.

In conclusion, and at the risk of sounding contradictory, there may be some merit in granting tickets where the duration of trust is longer. The knowledge of having to serve more time in prison if the parole is violated, may act as a deterrent to the weak parolee: this caution may well be complemented by the longer period in which regular and honest habits of living must be observed.

Poetry in Prison

THE DREAM

I had a dream the other night,
I nearly died of horror and fright:
I walked off into space, and fell,
And found that I was down in Hell.

Now you can guess how I did feel,
I never thought the place was real:
I thought what I'd heard of it was rot,
I soon found out, 'cause it was hot.

I found myself outside a gate,
And a weird voice said: "You're ten years late."
I turned around towards the sound,
And there a quaint little man I found.

"I cannot see how you got missed,
Your name was here, right on the list:
You see, I'm the keeper of the book.
And on account of you, I've been on the hook."

"The auditors were down to count the score,
And found that there should be one more:
So it was my job to report to the boss,
And inform him of this terrible loss."

"Old Satan, he was steaming mad,
'I hate to lose you, keeper, it's too bad:'
So he said to me: 'I'll give you a day
And if you don't succeed, it's you who'll pay.'
'I worked all night to find the mistake,
Now I've found you out, you'll burn at the stake.'"

I began to sweat, to squeal and squirm,
I felt an awful red hot burn:
I jumped out of bed, all wet and hot,
To find my wife'd spilt the coffee pot.

** ** *

HEAR OUR PRAYER

Heavenly Father hear our prayer,
Bless us with Your tender care.
Keep our land both safe and free
Where Your children worship Thee.
Father in Heaven hear our call
Keep us safe what'er befall.
Let us be gentle, kind and true
Learning more to be like You.
Our little children and our friend,
Our health and food are what You lend.
Father in Heaven what can we do
But learn to be the more like You.
Though we may travel far and wide,
Let us in Your grace abide.
When on earth our work is done
Heavenly Father call us home.
We know our lives are highly priced,
So ask it in the name of Christ.

Mrs. George Moulton

MY PRAYER

Heavenly Father far above,
Hear me as I pray,
Be with all whom I love
This, and every day.

Keep them safe from all harm,
Sickness and disease.
Give to them a guiding arm,
Peace of mind and ease.

May they feel Your presence near
Each and every day.
This I ask of You, dear God,
As I kneel to You and pray.

P. Shaver

** ** *

FORGOTTEN

Forgotten is the fun we've had,
All our memories, good and bad,
You've forgotten the love we knew,
Left my heart broken, and blue.

Forgotten are the years we spent together,
How we fought through the stormy weather,
The times we laughed, the times we cried,
And now you say our love has died.

What went wrong I'll never know,
But I guess you do, as you let me go.
Is it because I was once a thief?
Is that why you give me this sorrow and grief?

Please, dear, come back, don't stay away,
As I love and need you every day,
Come and return, we'll make a new start,
Please don't stay away, your're breaking my heart.

Give me one chance to start anew,
I promise you, dear, I'll be loyal and true,
Whatever you answer, be it near or far,
Just remember I love you, wherever you are.

Joe Sullivan

** ** *

IN SEARCH OF LOVE

I looked for love and found it not
In hearts of men.
I looked for love and found it not
In family or friend.
I looked for love in many lands
Heart-broken with despair.
Until one day I searched my heart,
And found it there.

William Fritsley

Romancing with Music

by Ray Smith

IT may be true that music will not dig the channels of emotion with the speed and precision of language, but when these are indicated, music will widen and fill them to overflowing. A hymn called "My God, I Am Thine" is said to have been written by a hobo many years ago: here is the first verse.

"My God, I am Thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine."

This song was found scribbled on the wall of a Kansas City jail where an old hobo, known as One Finger Ellis, had spent the night, recovering from an overdose of whiskey. The ballads of our modern-day hobos are quite different.

The National Ballet of Canada has become one of the major ballet companies. The Canadian company was born in 1951, and in six short years, has expanded manifold. Canada's largest touring theatrical organization, The National Ballet, has more than seventy dancers, musicians and staff.

In January of this year, the National Ballet had a three-week engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto. The stars of the show were Celia Franca, Lois Smith, and David Adams, Earl Kranl, Colleen Kenney, as well as many others.

This company is on a most ambitious tour, and will visit nearly forty cities in the United States, and will perform in New York City this month for the third successive year. The National Ballet of Canada has drawn the acclaim of the continent's leading critics. Yes, Canada's corps de ballet is recognised as one of the finest.

From the world of music comes many success stories, and the story behind a young Russian immigrant named Israel Baline is one of the greatest. We know him today as Irving Berlin, reigning king of America's Tin Pan Alley.

Born in Russia in 1888, Irving was one in a family of ten who moved to New York City when he was only four years of age. Four years later, Irving's father passed away, and so, at eight years old, Irving Berlin put aside his school books in order to do his share of providing for the family.

His first jobs were selling newspapers in the streets of New York, and running errands on the block where he lived. Then, after memorizing all the top tunes of the day, he turned street singer, singing outside of the taverns where he learned the songs. Then, at sixteen, he got his first full-time job as a singing waiter in the Pelham Cafe. Irving worked a ten-hour shift as a singing waiter for seven dollars a week plus tips. After his ten-hour shift, he would remain at the Cafe and try his hand at song writing, picking out the tunes on an old upright piano.

Full of ambition to become a top song writer, Irving sold his first song in 1907, 'Marie From Sunny Italy.' The song netted him in royalties the grand sum of thirty-seven cents! At seventeen Berlin became a lyricist at \$25.00 per week against royalties. This was the start of his rise to fame.

He was a partner in a music publishing firm by 1911, and his name became a byword when his 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' was published. Irving married Dorothy Goetz in 1912, but a short six month later, Dorothy died of typhoid fever. As his grief healed, we wrote 'When I Lost You' and 'Watch Your Step' along with many other Broadway successes.

After the first world war, Berlin wrote scores for The Ziegfeld Follies, and in 1920, built his own theatre which he called 'The Music Box.' Up to the present time, Irving Berlin has given us such songs as 'This Is The Army,' 'God Bless America,' 'Angels Of Mercy' and many others. Among his top shows were 'Annie Get Your Gun,' 'Easter Parade' and 'White Christmas.' All told, Irving composed over one hundred top song hits, ten musical pictures, and seventeen musical comedies. Today the whole world sings and dances to the music of Irving Berlin.

The Stratford Festival has signed that very lovely Irish actress Siobhan McKenna for this summer's Festival. Miss McKenna has made a name for herself in Belfast, Dublin, London, Stratford-On-Avon, and on Broadway. Gordon Jocelyn, music director for The Stratford Festival, has announced that Count Basie's Band, Billie Holliday, The Ron Collier Quartet, The Gerry Mulligan Quartet, and pianist Teddy Wilson are to appear in this season's music Festival at Stratford.

And for that man in the Kitchen who sent me that nice letter. Frederic Chopin was NOT a Chinese composer, and his name is NOT spelled Sho-Pan. 'Bye, now.

There isn't a teenager who at one time didn't think the only music of significance was jazz. Real crazy music, music with a beat — music that lets your feet play insane and your head stay conscious. This real cool music which dates back to the clog-dancing and ragtime tunes of the early American Negro.

The birth of ragtime around 1900 was followed by the blues, which Handy made famous in Memphis, Tennessee. The boogie-woogie and swing from Chicago gave us the popular songs and jazz tunes that all America dances to today. But jazz was destined to have a hard climb to popularity because it was not always considered wholesome theatrical entertainment to be enjoyed by everyone.

In the 1900s, New Orleans was the living heart of the Deep South. Both brothels and their inmates were licensed, and morality was at a low ebb. Actors and actresses, gamblers and drunkards, opium-smokers, and pleasure-seekers came for a rendezvous with pleasure in New Orleans. It was in the cradle of vice and pleasure that ragtime was born and reared.

The emotional music of the famed cornetist Buddy Bolden could not be found on the printed page. Great crowds would gather to hear the chant of Freddie Keppard's trumpet. And in one of the cheap pleasure houses, Jelly Roll Morton would let his imagination run wild for hours as he sat and beat out a tune at the piano. The melancholy blare of ragtime could be heard all night long in the pleasure domes and honky-tonks of New Orleans.

The jazz and ragtime style of today came from these great men of music, who, in their drive for new tone colours, started such techniques as lip-slurring and hanging a derby on

a trumpet for muting. The ragtime smash hits published in that period were Kerry Mills' 'Georgia Camp Meeting,' Scott Joplin's 'Maple Leaf Rag,' and the 'Idaho Rag.'

Among the musical heroes in New Orleans was Joe Oliver, who studied and imitated Bolden's style. Joe soon became known as 'King' Oliver, the greatest trumpet player of his time. In 1914, King Oliver took a fourteen-year old named Louis Armstrong under his personal wing. And by the time he was seventeen, Louis Armstrong had his own band: this band played on the 'Dixie Belle,' a Mississippi excursion boat.

King Oliver died in 1938 and today he is little more than a name to most jazz-lovers. But the boy who learned his tricks from Joe 'King' Oliver is still giving the world great music.

As was said, jazz did not have an easy climb to popularity. Back in the twenties, the president of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Conference charged: "American girls of tender age are approaching the jungle standards... little American girls are maturing too quickly under the hectic influence of jazz."

Jazz also had many defenders, among them were such great musicians as Fritz Kreisler, Leopold Stokowski, John Alden and many others.

In keeping with the Easter season, let's spend a little time digging into the hymnals of the church.

Did you know that Isaac Watts wrote a total of five hundred and fifteen hymns — among them 'Joy To The World,' and 'O God Our Help In Ages Past.'

More than two thousand hymns are credited to Count Zinzendorff, the first when he was only twelve, and the last a few days before his death at sixty.

There are more hymns by the British Moravian, James Montgomery, in modern hymnals of all denominations than by any other writer except Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts.

So, until we go romancing again, have a good Easter and think of these wise words by Auerback —

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life."

Horsepower was much safer when only the horses had it.

A Simple, Implicit Faith

Eugene Ford

DURING my sojourn here in this place of confinement, I have had the opportunity of coming into contact with many people who are from different stations in life, and during the course of my acquaintance with some of these fellows, I have been amazed at the sincerity, faith and viewpoints of the inner man that is hidden behind the facade of some of these inmates. I have discussed many varied topics from the scientific, religious and emotional viewpoints, and have received some splendid and enlightening philosophy during such conversations: the sincerity of some of the inmates toward their faith could not but leave a deep impression on me, and I set out on a small campaign of my own. Asking questions, listening to explanations, and sifting these various statements into a workable plan.

It has been brought to my attention by more than one recidivist that loneliness more than other factors—more than ANY factor—was responsible for his return to criminal environments. Many of these repeaters are the products of broken parental homes, and have been left to drift on the tide of life—without the knowledge of motherly love or the sincerity of a father. To seek the affection so necessary to all human hearts, they sought the pseudo-embrace that the wordly prostitute can, with all her wiles, command, and thus were lured toward a life of lust, alcohol, narcotics and, eventually, crime. Upon discharge he is a public hero to the frequenters of Skid Row and one of the boys of the underworld clientele. Often after several visits to the reformatory, the inner man of the wayward son begins to rebel against the life of incarceration and the seed of reform is sown. Upon discharge, he accepts employment through one of the Social Services and settles down in a moderately decent neighborhood, but eventually the loneliness of his youth returns. He has spent several years in confinement, and to return from his daily task to the loneliness of four walls, day in and day out, is too much for the love-starved soul. The memories of the Hale fellow, well met companion and the harlot's alcoholic amour is too much for our unfortunate, and the return to the old haunts is inevitable.

Not all of our recidivists are from the same early environment as the cases outlined above. Often the divorce court and the family court are the source of loneliness, and from the inset of the dread factors, the step to illicit affairs and alcoholism is very short indeed. A third type of loneliness is unpopularity, caused by many diverse reasons, but the penitentiary gates are waiting to close in all cases. Criminals of passion, recklessness or financial despair seldom fall into the class of the recidivist.

Within the confines of these walls, there have grouped together a few souls who have formed a prayer group in an effort to alleviate their anxieties and cares through the medium of their faith, and here I perceive success, especially of the prayer group expanded beyond the portals of the penitentiary. In here, the inmates themselves organised together and they found solace and hope in the communal talk with God. Why not outside? If the inmates themselves organised prayer and social groups on the outside of these stone pillars, they would offer a sanctuary of refuge to the discharged who go forth to rehabilitate themselves. Instead of returning to the four lonely walls in a busy world, the inmate could seek company and companionship in his own prayer and social group, and thus keep himself in close contact with his faith, which is the greatest deterrent to recidivism I know.

The banding together of a few drunks who had the intestinal fortitude to persevere and form Alcoholics Anonymous, has set thousands upon the street of happiness. Why not a similar organisation to reclaim lonely, misguided souls, encouraged by those who have swam the same channel?

BEAUTY

Beauty is defined as the quality of pleasure afforded the thought, through its admirable delight by vision, or gratification to the esthetic senses, but beauty cannot be fully defined in verbal phraseology: it is individual, it is inspiring: that is to say, what may appeal to one's senses and afford them momentous delight, may be nothing more than an object of ridicule to another.

Puppet — or Pioneer?

Wm. F. Jones

FOR reasons that are far beyond our powers of comprehension, it has become extremely unfashionable today to be a person possessing "the power of his convictions." This was evidenced to us on more than one occasion, but quite recently we gave voice to a certain and definite conviction that we have had ever since we can remember. The answer we received was this, and we quote: "Oh, when one is as old as I am, he cannot afford to be independent," unquote. This from a man who is still the good side of forty. Such an answer manifests only too clearly a lack of inner courage: a preference for lip-service rather than self-dependence.

It is quite possible that there was more to this reply than first meets the eye. Circumstances can play a major role in a man's environment and eventual position, although we personally prefer to believe a man wins or loses under circumstances he himself creates: and man, or society, has created the set of circumstances which is prevalent today, and which will be destructive tomorrow. This set of circumstances we call conventions, and a more ludicrous, servile-inducing conglomeration of dos and don'ts it would be impossible to find.

We are not concerned with the written statutes which constitute the law necessary in a civilisation or highly developed culture, but rather the unwritten laws which are instigated by certain elements in our society, and, because the world is rapidly becoming a paradise for lip-service, later become institutional. They become acceptable as correct, and we belittle the poor misguided soul who, in the immortal words of the poet, wishes to be "The captain of my soul, and the master of my fate."

Individualism—sensible, acceptable individualism — is the inalienable prerogative of every human soul, and the password to ostracism. A few, a pitiable few, retain that right and take it with them to their graves. However, before they depart their mortal coil, they are not allowed to forget that they are a part of a large society, and that that society, empty-headed and supine as it is, is right: nor are they permitted to forget that any deviation from the stipulated norm is nothing short of madness. Indeed, we have no doubt that there are many members of this attitude-

setting society who would have men like Dr. Albert Schweitzer placed in a mental hospital for his having the temerity to turn his back on chrome-plated 300 H.P. automobiles, cocktails at four, high society dinners, and so on, and devote his life to practicing the very thing in which he believes.

There are insufficient, lamentably insufficient young people today who have any convictions on anything whatsoever. If an individual's ideas or goals run counter to the general tenor of his or her immediate group, then that individual is forced to either change his or her ideas, or suffer ostracism. From such early beginnings it is made painfully clear to them that the individual is something to be talked about, perhaps even admired, but certainly not something to be sought after if one wishes to be invited here and invited there.

If a person exerts his right as an individual, he is, without any compunction whatsoever, termed a 'radical,' an 'anarchist,' 'anti-social' and many other equally unpleasant epithets. It is never conceded, or even thought, that from amongst the stereotyped living conditions and prevailing attitudes of today, must come the leaders and policy-makers of tomorrow. How are such persons to be cultivated if every time they essay progress—or as the 'correct set' term it "deviate from the conventional"—they are sneered at? Oh shades of Lincoln, Disraeli, Garibaldi—oh living prophet Churchill!

Progress has been phenomenal in the past half century, particularly so during the last thirty years, but as the majority of people will be prepared to concede, two wars have had a great deal to do with that. Are we, then, to assume that, rather than have progress through the personal convictions of a few, we must have it through the catastrophe of war, which is certainly not a product of intelligence?

Thirty-odd years ago a man was farsighted enough to envisage the trend of modern warfare. His fate, because he believed in his convictions was relegation to minor obscurity. However, his views are extolled today, and every young man with the necessary qualifications is enticed into that dreamer's impossible conception—the Air Force. That is but one now established fact, whereby with less attention paid to the prevailing 'set' at that time, and a little more attention given to the

PUPPET — OR PIONEER?

'radical,' much tragedy would have been averted.

There are countless other examples which could be quoted, but it would be pointless to do so. For one thing we are thankful— we have as yet sired no offspring, and for the sake of those unborn we give thanks: we hate to think of their future tormented souls when we would be trying to instil in them some measure of moral courage whilst their teachers and friends would be endeavouring to make them into mere fodder for the stereotyping machine which would supposedly make them acceptable to their progressive society.

For this modern generation I have the deepest sympathy: for, conditioned as they are to

think as a group, the day is not so far distant, relatively speaking, when they will realize that their bright and wonderful society has been progressing one way only — backward. They will awaken to find themselves so interdependent one on the other, that they HAVE no leaders: then where will they be? Where their ancestors were 20,00 years ago—groping amid chaos.

Possibly this might do them good—perhaps there will be one freak of nature present who will have some moral courage, and if he be unafraid he will lead them out from the morass of their modern civilisation into something resembling society. And where will we be? Oh we will be in our graves—but don't wait for us turn over!

ABOUT THIS AND THAT

A SIMPLE, IMPLICIT FAITH

In the definition of words, the word love is the strongest, as it connotes passion and ardent devotion, and in its synonymous meaning, expresses the greatest attachment for an object, vision, euphonic sound, odour or taste. Yet, can one have affection, or for that matter, love, if the object or substance does not appeal pleasingly in some manner to the individual soul, bringing him gratification or pleasure? Therefore, we must conclude from this that without beauty there cannot be affection, without affection there cannot be love, and without love there cannot be devotion. Without devotion there cannot be Faith. Beauty, therefore, is the basis of all that life has to offer, and such being the case, no goal can be aimed at unless the qualities of beauty are present.

Beauty is so vast in its scope that students of lexicography could not express its various facets in a tome of volumes. In its simple sense, the view of an eye-appealing vista could raise an uncontrollable elation from a traveller, or the tones of an old master's fiddle entrance one with its melody. This is beauty, explainable beauty, as it affords excitement and charm to individuals. Yet the simple phraseology of the Koran or Bible can induce one to seek the beauty of faith.

This is beauty in its deeper senses, and there could be myriads of illustrations between these two.

No, my friend, beauty is appeal that cannot be expressed in the vulgarity of words. Let us say that Beauty is anything that af-

Continued From Page 8

fords us pleasure, either mentally, physically, or spiritually.

THE HEN WITH A PEACOCK TAIL

In respect to the lowly hen, there is no reference to her caste that I know of, but there is this:

The hen lays the egg and her mate, the rooster, does the cackling and without effort, he struts like a peacock, heralding the achievement of his mate, the hen, by claiming the result as his.

Some few years ago there was a man by the name of Will Rogers who was renowned for his dry humour and soulful activities, a man who did not possess any coloured plumes: in fact, he was a very plain bird.

Will was once asked to speak at a dinner given by the late President Roosevelt, and during his usual dry recital, he used very bad grammar—and lo! and behold—he used the word ain't. After he sat down, amid much ovation by the gathering, a table neighbour said: "Mr. Rogers, it was nice, but you must not use the word 'ain't'—it is not done in good society."

Will answered and said: "Is that so? Well, well, ye know, friend, I know lots of people who don't use the word AIN'T EATING."

Well, Rogers had much plumery, but they were not shown on the outside. His feathers of all colours were within. His heart was coloured and plumed with the Commandment—"Love Thy Neighbour As Thyself."

Down With Discrimination

by Rick Windsor

THE world today is filled with people of every race, colour and creed, and be they Indian, Russian, Japanese, English, Negro, Jew or Gentile, they ARE human. A person picking up a newspaper is confronted by racial and religious write-ups: column after column screaming 'segregation' meets the eye. Indecent insults are thrown at people, vicious words cast at them, as though we were justified in our remarks.

People today are entitled to their own rights in every respect, regardless of who or what they may be. When voting time comes, these people cast ballots to assist their country: when charities need money, these people dig deep into their pockets, even depriving themselves of things they need, in an all-out effort to help mankind. But when it comes time to mix with a few self-styled and self-elected 'blue-bloods' these same 'common' people are scorned and looked down upon, insulted because of race or colour: they are 'segregated' because a few imbeciles decide they have no rights, spurned as though they were criminals, ridiculed by — and because of — ignorant individuals who know no better. Yet they ARE human beings.

Insofar as inmates are concerned, we have made mistakes — that we admit — and we are trying to correct these mistakes, at least the largest percentage are. For this to be possible, encouragement is needed by all and must be extended by all, from the top prison administrator down to and through the guard staff: it accomplishes nothing for a man to be told by anyone whose duty it is to rehabilitate him, that unless he mends his ways he will be back in jail. That is so outdated it can have no place in penology as a science, yet in isolated cases it persists.

In my humble opinion, and for what it is worth, a human being, regardless of race, colour, creed OR POSITION, should be treated as just that, a human being. So far as this writer is concerned, no person on this earth should be subjected to ridicule or embarrassment by anyone. A man's life should be his own, he should be allowed to live as he wishes, to go where he pleases, when and if he pleases. To reach his destination, he should be permitted to ride buses, taxis or streetcars with-

out fear in his heart, fear of being mobbed by incompetent individuals screaming 'segregation.'

Again as inmates, this should apply to us. We should be entitled to return to society without fear of prejudice, with faith in mankind, confident of work even though we have records. People should bring their noses down from the air and realize we have put our trust in them when we rely on them for work to keep us from a repeat performance in a penitentiary — they should be willing to help us to the point where we are on a level with others, TRUSTED.

Discrimination toward anyone is radically inhuman, viciously cruel and ultimately unjust. Here at Collin's Bay we have many races: never is the word 'discrimination' mentioned. We live with each other as best we can, these places are bad enough without fighting each other. Year in and year out we exchange our thoughts and combine our efforts so that we may advance in learning: we help each other, just being HUMAN. There is never a word of race, colour or creed, neither is one man cast aside because he has committed a crime.

One thing is certain, readers — God made men, and in His own image. He made different races, He made different colours, and He made them ALL for a reason. "Judge not lest ye be judged." To insult someone because of colour — or position — is cowardly and cruel, especially when he is outnumbered ten, or twenty, or a hundred to one. The old adage 'share and share alike' is fitting here: share your problems and thoughts with people, help one another. Looks are only skin deep — what a person feels inside is what counts. We may never know how we really feel unless we get together with the other man and help each other.

We must always remember, too, that if we work together we will think together — two heads are better than one. If we are to euchre the people who believe us to be inhuman, we must stick together regardless of race, colour or creed.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see our ousels as others see us!"

Robert Burns



Pine River Love

A Novelette

Anonymous

I WATCHED the small boat take my grandparents out to The Hudson's Bay Company boat, resting at anchor in the twilight a few yards offshore. The waning mid-summer of 1792 had begun to shorten the long New Brunswick days. Farewells were over, and with tide, the ship would sail for England. In the morning I was to start my long journey back to Fort Bon Ami.

The trip to Bon Ami should take only sixteen days if no hostile Indians are encountered on the trails through the brushwood. I planned to stop at Fort Pine Tree on the ninth day to obtain fresh provisions. Fort Pine Tree is in the north bank of the Pine River. It is the site of a pioneer struggle, where a small body of rugged men and woman work to scratch out a living from amongst the pine, maple and oak which line the banks of the river.

I arose damp and cramped after my eighth night in the woods, and started for Fort Pine Tree, where I hoped to be by noon. Although I hadn't seen any Indians on the trail, their signs were becoming more apparent. As I broke from the woods to follow the river bank for the last mile to the Fort, I stopped and blinked, and as my eyes focussed against the strong morning sunlight, someone gave a surprised little cry: I guess I just stood, open-mouthed, and stared.

Running from the water's edge to a small bush nearby, was a young girl, hurriedly draping a towel about her body. I was vividly aware of damp, dark hair lying over bare shoulders, and had a glimpse of well-tanned arms and legs as she disappeared behind the bush. Only her angry face showed above the leaves.

"What do you want?" she cried.

She stepped from behind the bush wearing a moss-stained buckskin dress, which she had hurriedly pulled on, and held a musket in the crook of her arm. She was very beautiful.

"My name is Chid Fuller, and I'm on my

way to Fort Bon Ami. I was about to make a short stop at Fort Pine Tree for news and provisions."

She had a firm chin and could be little more than eighteen. Her glossy hair was drawn back over her head and caught with a coloured ribbon, which was now wet.

Her youthful voice had that honest homespun tone when she spoke.

"My father is in charge of the Fort, but he and all the menfolk are away hunting so that we may have meat next winter. There are only two soldiers at the Fort, but if you come with me, I'm sure they will provide you with food. My name is Catherine MacKenzie."

We had rounded the bend in the river when we heard the first reports of the muskets. A flotilla of Indian canoes was bearing down on the Fort from the other direction. A moment later the well-known war whoop of the 'hostiles' tore the air to tatters: and a volley of arrows and bullets rained on the palisade. She grabbed my hand, and said:

"Come, Mr. Chid Fuller, we must run for the gate."

I saw some fifty-five Indians running towards us, already within musket shot.

"Run, Chid, it would be better to perish rather than fall into their hands."

"What are you going to do?" I demanded.

"We are going to fight, or die, Mr. Fuller."

I looked, and it was hard to believe: firing muskets and wearing soldier's helmets, were ten women, two old men, and five or six of the older children.

We kept up a steady fire from the loopholes, but the grief-stricken women started wailing so loud I was afraid their terrific shrieks would betray our weakness to the Indians.

As the sun went down, we became fearful of an attack, and knew we must make some show of fight. So Catherine posted the women around the stockade, and I stood watch at the gate. Our plan was to keep the cry "All's

Well" All's Well" echoing and re-echoing from corner to corner of the palisade throughout the night.

There were few shots fired in the dark, and we could see the Indians dancing around their fires along the river bank. A flaming arrow went high in the air and came down on the roof of one of the smaller buildings. Catherine was on the roof in a minute and had the fire out. But, in the dark, she missed the ladder top and fell to the ground.

When I arrived, she lay wedged between the building and a cattle watering trough. I pulled her free and carried her to the well some ten yards away. After splashing water on her face, and debating what I should do next, her eyes flickered open. In a frightened voice, she asked:

"That's enough water, I had one bath today, remember?"

"Catherine..." I wanted to take her in my arms and hug her in my relief.

She sat up and gingerly felt herself.

"I'm alright, only I've got a bump on the head." Then a frown appeared on her face: she said: "What are you doing here, Chid, get back to your post."

The women spent the night in prayer, and when daylight came at last, we were ready to shoot if an Indian appeared. And appear they did.

I was dozing at the time, with my head on a table and a musket across my arms, when the shooting and whooping of Indians, along with the sound of the children wailing, jarred me awake.

As I ran for the gate, I could see a woman lying on the ground, motionless, and one of the two old men sat by the gate with his hand over his eye, blood running between his fingers.

Catherine, her face all smudged with powder smoke, ran up and said:

"What can we do, Chid?"

"When was the last time that cannon was fired?"

"About two months ago."

"Then we shall fire it again, it may at least scare them off for a few hours: at all costs we must not betray our weakness to the enemy."

The noise of our cannon must have had some effect, for the Indians moved back beyond musket shot. Our garrison was once again quiet.

The remainder of the morning was overcast and rain began to fall. That evening only Catherine, one of the older children, and myself stood watch: while the remainder of our small army got some rest. There were no signs of Indians throughout the night, and I was allowed to get some sleep after being relieved at 2.00 A.M.

Dawn broke clear and bright, and our camp was soon alive. Scan the woods how we might, there were no Indians in sight. So at mid-morning we made our first trip outside the Fort in two days, and stayed outside the palisade only long enough to bury the woman who was killed in yesterday's attack.

About mid-afternoon the woman sentinel at the gate bastion called out:

"Catherine, Mr. Fuller, there are boats on the river, our men return."

We opened the gates and went down to the river, relief showing on all our faces.

Supper that night was a gala affair, with fresh venison on the spigots. The air was permeated with the smell of cedar smoke and roasting chestnuts. I was standing on the river bank and the sounds from the Fort drifted gently through the darkness.

"Chid, why are you down here all alone?"

"Catherine, I must leave for Bon Ami in the morning."

"Will you ever come back, Chid?"

In the passing light of the moon I could see little tears running down over her sun-tanned cheeks.

"Yes, darling, I'm coming back for you."



A lion met a tiger as they drank beside a pool.

Said the tiger, "Tell me why you're roaring like a fool."

"That's not foolish," said the lion with a twinkle in his eyes,

"They call me king of all the beasts because I advertise."

A rabbit heard them talking and ran home like a streak,

He thought he'd try the lion's plan, but his roar was but a squeak.

A fox came to investigate — had luncheon in the woods,

So when you advertise, my friends, BE SURE YOU'VE GOT THE GOODS.

MONTHLY REPRINT

From THE MONTHLY RECORD, January, 1957

WHY NOT A SOCIAL HOSPITAL?

Some thoughts about what a prison might become.

CRIME is obviously related to mental disease, emotional disorders, child rearing, family behaviour, educational efforts, community practices, and social conditions, all of which are under increasingly active study with increasing promise of ameliorative results. Crime is an aspect of the mind of man: and the mind of man is suddenly allowing itself to be explored as never before. Old, false ideas about the mind are still stubbornly cherished: but merely being stubbornly cherished doesn't keep those ideas from being dead.

New ways of rearing children, better methods of school teaching, earlier detection of aberrations which, untreated, may lead later to crime, healthier community milieu, easier access to early medical care, research on therapeutic techniques, law reforms, enlightened police procedure, changes in court functions—all these, and dozens of other measures not yet applied, indeed not yet known, will contribute to crime reduction in ways as yet unforeseen.... For the most part, these efforts will be made, and their results will be felt, at a pre-prison level, and in homes, schools, courts, etc.: but prison itself can become a force in reducing crime, not merely negatively as a punitive threat, but positively.... However effective prison may be in punishing the criminal, perhaps we may face at the outset that, in its attempt to cure the criminal it is a failure. Despite its venerable traditions, it is a makeshift. The children at Meriden become youths at Cheshire, and men at Wetherfield, in and out, year after weary year. The parolee violates his parole. The discharged man gets his new bit. Society wrings its hands in defeat, or vows the dubious victory of vengeance, or looks the other way, indifferent.

Skeptical as one may be about the efficacy of new medical and social tools, they must be continually sought, and continually tried out. Whatever doesn't work, old or new, must be thrown away. The present situation is not to be endured. It is too costly in wasted money and wasted men, over and above the losses from crime itself....

No matter how tempting it may be to equate crime with disease, it may prove a mistake. To call criminality a sickness, in any ordinarily accepted sense of the word, may be a misleading oversimplification. Nevertheless, the approaches, attitudes, and methods of study which have been used in successfully combating many much-feared diseases may be used as suggestive guides in dealing with crime. With this in mind, let us call a prison a hospital, a social hospital, and let us broaden the word sickness to include every sort of disorder of the criminal himself, and of his relationship to society, to include every conceivable pathological thing. Let us broaden the word medicine to include every therapeutic approach, whether psychological, social, political, or whatever. And the word cure will mean a change in the criminal or in his environment which will make it safe for him to live in an open community without fear of his committing further crime.

In the recent past, some of the more obvious physical diseases may have been treated adequately, but to have considered this prison a hospital, in the sense we mean, would have been preposterous.... But recently members of the medical staff have been saying, with an air of astonishment almost amounting to first discovery, that most of the convicts have some sort of emotional problems. They even seem to have a suspicion that the emotional problems may have some connection with the crimes the convicts committed.... Crude and obvious as this new understanding is, it represents a great advance over the preceding period: yet it brings its own dangers. The powers-that-be, confronted with these new insights, are aghast at their own lack of knowledge in this field and, in their quite well-justified panic, turn to the medical profession for more reliable guidance in the decisions they must make. Yet, in their turn, the consulting psychiatrists hired for this purpose are faced with a dilemma: after examining the convict, should they diagnose his case with a tag which makes of him a comprehensible stereotype, or should they give a descriptive diagnosis? To release the raw data of the psychiatric diagnostic interview, or even a summary descriptive diag-

nosis, is like putting a loaded gun in the hands of children.... This terminal diagnostic interview is, of course, not a very considerable contribution toward making a social hospital of this prison, but it is a token recognition that crime prevention may require something more than mere punishment....

Assuming (1) that the prison is to be looked on as a social hospital, (2) that these old buildings can suffice for that purpose, and (3) that a full staff of professional workers is not to be had at present, let us speculate on what might be the immediate future of the institution. Such speculation will necessarily be a mixture of philosophies and of procedures....

The basic anxiety of the convict comes more from his estrangement than from his incarceration: more from the rejection of him than from the bars around him. And therein lies the key to the solution.

It is easy to say that he comes here because he is socially sick, and that every effort is to be made to cure him. How is it to be done? Even without enough psychiatrists, the whole prison organization can nevertheless become psychiatrically orientated: even without enough sociologists and social workers, it can become socially oriented. The whole staff and even the convicts themselves can be involved in empirical efforts in which the mandates are: let's try this, let's see how it works, let us experiment....

For instance, would the men feel better if they were free to write letters as often as they might wish?.... Officers are not supposed to speak to the men unless absolutely necessary. May this not squander endless opportunities for giving counsel? Many convicts are here because they did not understand how to get along with other people: is it helpful to deny

them contacts? Many convicts are here because they never had anyone to take a real interest in them. The staff-convict ratio is about 1-4. What would happen if each staff member were assigned four convicts who were his proteges? What if he were to study them and their problems and become, in a sense, their agent and their advocate in their relations with the rest of the staff, the parole board, their families, and the world outside?....

How, though, it will be asked, can untrained staffs perform these subtle functions? And here we may refer to the phrases, psychiatrically oriented and socially oriented. If it is not possible to have enough highly trained workers, it is perhaps possible to permeate the whole institution with some effects from the trained few who are available: the psychiatrists, the sociologists, the social workers, the chaplains, etc.

This type of education spreads and expands and pervades a whole institution. In time — perhaps sooner than might be expected — the perfunctory, habit-dominated, hopeless routine of this prison might become animated with a spirit of inquiry and experiment. The institution might receive each new convict as an individual person whose case warranted a look back into his past in search of the causes of his disorder, a careful evaluation and diagnosis of his present status, then a flexible plan for his future, a plan worked out within the philosophy of therapy. Then, and perhaps only then, will this prison become a social hospital instead of a place for human dead-storage.

With some such open, laboratory approach, it may be learned what kinds of prisons to build, and what to do with the men and women in them: and prisons themselves can be made to reduce the need for prisons.



Soon after Al Smith was elected Governor of New York State for the first time, he went to Sing Sing to visit the State Prison. After being shown the buildings by the Warden, the Governor was asked to speak to the inmates. He was embarrassed, never having spoken to inmates of a prison before, and did not quite know how to begin. Finally he said:

"My fellow citizens....." Then he remembered that when one goes to prison he is no longer a citizen. So the Governor was even more embarrassed and started again. "My fellow convicts....." That did not sound just right either, so Al simply said: "Well, anyhow, I'm glad to see so many of you here!"

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"Do you," the judge asked the groom, "take this woman for better or for worse, through sickness and health, in good times or bad, whether she be.....?"

"Oh judge" broke in the bride tearfully, "You're going to talk him right out of it."

The Meaning of the Word

Eldon McCorkell

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Robert Burns

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I wonder if society has ever stopped to think of the word humanity. Let us examine it and find out. We see that the word human means belonging to one of the human races. Let me ask you a question: do we all consider ourselves—and each other—as humans? If we do, I think we should prove it.

I am an inmate of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, serving three years. You can believe me that I—and all the rest of the population here—are human, and this fact ensures that we can all make mistakes, and have made them. May I also tell you that I realize the mistakes I have made, as do at least ninety percent of the men, but as you have read in books and articles on the subject, an ex-inmate needs help to remain an ex-inmate, and not repeat his mistakes. I ask you, the human public, are ex-inmates going to get help, are they going to be assisted or turned down?

Help can only come from society—loved ones and family, friends, organisations and employers—and of these, the most important materially is the help from employers. If every employer were to turn a man down because he had a record, there would be no road open to these men except the old road of crime: I am also certain that such is the case insofar as many men presently behind bars are concerned.

I worked for a long time in Ottawa, driving a truck, and was doing well. I had been praised many times on my ability and complimented on my efficiency, but my employers discovered I had a record. They said to me: "we hate to let you go, but. . . ." The same thing happened more than once later, and the reason I mention it is my conviction that this has defeated almost eighty percent of the men here.

It would appear that those men unfortunate enough to have records must find it stalking as their shadow all their lives. We admit we know of employers who have accepted inmates from this institution, through assistance extended by The John Howard Society, and this organisation, is to be commended on doing a wonderful job: we also know that many employers are very well satisfied with the men they have hired. But in the majority, however, are those people who have a very poor opinion of inmates and their adaptability, and to those people I am directing the following information.

Many men in this institution have taken advantage of the vocational courses offered, electrical, mechanical, automotive, masonry, carpentry and others, and I can assure you there is a lot of theory and hard work involved: when these men graduate from the course But of what use is this knowledge and proof of they chose they are reserving of consideration. intent on the part of these men if upon discharge they are not given the opportunity to use it? Think this over if you will, please.

I personally am on the mechanics course, and should I approach you after my discharge, what will be your reaction? When I tell you I have a record, will you not stop and think for a few moments before you turn me down? If all employers turn me down, what may become of me? And the hundreds of others in a similar position?

The very fact that many of these men ask for employment after release proves they wish to pursue an honest way of life, and while you will not buy a car until you try it out, at least give another human being as much of a chance. Let humanity treat humanity like humans and keep them on the road, the right road.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

RICK WINDSOR

WE of The Bay send out our condolences to the followers of Dick MacDougall and Jazz Unlimited. Also to his family and his many friends. He will be sadly missed by all, and the shows he has carried over CJBC in Toronto have been of the best. Mr. MacDougall has left his mark on the jazz world and has earned the name of being one of Canada's leading jazz critics. He knew jazz music from every angle and the group that was his favourite is Duke Ellington and his Band. We will certainly miss the programme of Jazz Unlimited, and the rest of the music world will know this leading disc jockey has gone forever.

And for the Mr. Tom Kolson in WOSE in Oswego, we dig you the most. Any man who plays music by the electrifying Earl Bostic has to be the most. Numbers like "Where or When" and "Embraceable You" are real sweet and the Earl is the man that can handle them. And as for the Randy Brooks and Harlem Nocturne, man, where did you get it? It has been a long time since we heard Randy and we thought he had died a rather slow death in the music world. "Sam the Man Taylor" is just great, and his "I'll Get By" is the best. We tune you in every day, Tom old man, and we are always listening for the Tenor Sax of any of the three mentioned. If you can, Tommy, we would like the dedication any morning at all and between the hours of ten thirty and eleven thirty. In the meantime, hang in there, guy, and keep laying out the information on how to get by in the world.

To WBZ in Boston we send out our heartfelt thanks to the show titled "Lush Tones." You and the gang on the turntables are real fine and the music is great. And the title of the show is a fine example of the music played. We go along with Sinatra and Fitzgerald, as well as Nat the King Cole and Count Basie. This is music in our book, and we will be listening whenever the air waves are clear enough to allow us to pick up your station.

And to Queen's radio station over at the High School, we tip our hats to the ones responsible for the entertainment we hear all the time. Although we are all amateurs in our different departments, your programmes have the smack of professionalism. Don't ask who our favourite is either — we would have to go

with the Lonesome Gal. What did you expect? Relaxing, smooth, and easy to listen to, we spend the last part of the night in sheer ecstasy. And that record of "Give Me A Little Kiss" by April Stevens is our favourite. We know how rough it is to try to please everyone with a radio programme, but we think the way you people are going, there is no one left to complain. A fine job is being done and we will be listening again on Saturday night for the Lonesome Gal.

And we see the big show at Maple Leaf Gardens made a real hit in the City of Toronto. Well, look at the mob and figure out why! Fats Domino, LaVerne Baker, The Five Satins and The Five Keys! All in all, it was a bang-up show — at least from the reports we gather — and it is a shame we couldn't make it, but maybe the next time. The latest record of The Five Keys is titled "Listen To The Wisdom Of A Fool." This record is destined for the top of the hit parade and already the Teenagers here at The Bay are trying to purchase it.

And speaking of records, we come to the point where we are asking the readers of this column to send in all the old records they have no use for. And the ones you have in duplicate are being awaited by the whole population. We are able to play any of the three speeds — LP records, too. Any type of record will be appreciated and it makes no difference whether they are Rock 'N Roll, Western, Pop, etc. Any records received will be looked after and the whole prison will benefit by any donations. Anyone wishing to donate records are asked to send them to The Warden here at The Bay.

And to Wm. B. Williams away down there in New York, we send out our hellos, and if it were possible we would send you the money for your trip to Kokomo. We think you deserve the rest, and we are behind you one hundred percent. Your Monday night show is just great — the Blues are wonderful and we could stand to hear the Queen, Miss Dinah Washington, a little more often. We go along with your way of spinning the discs and the music is a welcome addition for a couple of hours a night, seven nights a week!

That is it for this month, and we will dig you all in the next Thirty of the Radio Ramblings column. 'Bye for now.

Reelin' & Dealin'

with Bill & Rick

Got the Page 39 and 40, fellas, and the pic of the BEAST is a dandy. Sunken eye-balls, etal... Too bad they cut the one on the Little Tin God. Must have been a real potent gem... Egads... Must have lost the key ED. All that time. Shades of Satan, what next?..... BRUNO due to leave our midst again, via all types of different ways. Seventy days, eh kid? MESSRS. BURKE and SEGUIN are the best on the visits. Real gentlemen..... And a memo to J. GORRIGAN—How about getting off your back man and get back to the job?.... You really didn't let us down, GARRY, because if you go with the DOLL you've got to fall!... FREDDIE no longer in the wash tub department. Lost the Big Two eh? WHY?.... Someone put a tombstone on our WILLIE and he loves it.... Special thanks to the RICK REBACK for bringing the COOL COOLIE down JOHN and MARIE at the SWEETS turned out to be 100% Two paint jobs on the garbage truck in a month: What kind of driver is this WILLIE anyway? BIG MAC in the garage really shines them thar trucks. Keeps mutterin' PIVAS. What kind of pie is this?.... Three hundred pound JOHNNY RICE and the case of the silver boots. What goes JOHN?.... SKINNY AL getting stuck quite a bit lately. What kind of driver are you fella?.... Don't worry SETH, you'll get the tewnty seven bales. Next trip around.... LARRY LARAMEE and THE ED TURNER doing fine and send the regards to the friends across the road.... Don't do it, GOLDEN BOY—you're better off where you are.... What about this year B. PERRY? Comin' over this time? What's happenin' to J. McCALL?.... BRUNO lost the job at Vocational Garage. Coffee, anyone? What's with RUTH across the way? Lots of pics but no news.... KEN BULLOCK back on the washers and doin' a real fine chore for all. Keep it up, KEN. We certainly appreciate the job.... Attention to JIM LES in the change room—go slow, guy, there isn't too much of him to start with. Real easy like WORMY in the barber shop put the arm on the RICK the other day. RICK took your oil, JIMMY... Cousin Weak Eyes GOODIE says hello to the brother MIKE... Big GUM GUM BECK says this is the only column he reads and the reason for this is to see how

many times his name is mentioned.. ED and the THIN ONE on the hand-ball court can't win for losin'! Seems the old man of the change room even laid a skunk on them.... Little OL' ARCHIE in the barber shop insulted us last week and we won't tell them about the face like the can of worms unless you do the same thing again next week.... Be real careful, Guy.... And for the SHADOW, we for three are glad to see you back in action. Anything you drop in the box will be looked into front and back, if you please... And the JOE from the SARDINE COAST is really comin' along in the Tonsorial Department. Stick with it, LAD, you're doin' great PUNCHY HILL paradin' around the change room in his shorts. Did you see the press job on those pants? Real sharp.... And the JIM makin' like the Elvis on the range every day at noon hour. The BECK, that is... As for you, JOE SUL — what's with this noon-hour walk to all the ranges in the jail, as well as Three Block?.... BIG ARCH is now the cleaner in the garage, and you do eat all the GARBAGE at the table..... The shift changed, too. Three cheers for the new arrivals. HIP, HIP, HOORAY!.... Almost missed the TAKE TWO JOHN FOX and the case of the missin' Christmas cake. Probably all mouldy now, DAD.... To TED in the barber shop. Notice how you finally got mentioned in the scandal sheet. Oh, boy. All the news in the joint and then some.... And the chairs in the barber shop are lookin' better every day. Looks like a shop now.. And the NEW NOISE on the kitchen range. What a mouth! And the rink the RED HEAD worked so hard on is now the best hand made swimming pool in the history of penology. What happened to the ice cream RED?.... We shouldn't have to starve just because of a little old machine called a tape recorder. Seems the last Committee got this one without cutting us off. Let's get back on the ball, buddy. And for the PHIL McQUADE—the ED says hello, and from us to you we wish you the best in everything you attempt to do.... A real fine word for the JOHN ZIK. We got the latest word and are glad to hear everything is well with you.... More than we can say for the HOOKER and the JOE.... And the little teenager bop-a-roonie in the change

room, better known as WEE MOE FERRO, gave one of yours trulies a diluted version of the real thing. What kind of an act was that MOE? And ARCH hasn't quit complaining yet.... Is that a good dictionary you have RICK? Well you can ..X?α&&' — — Oh no, not that buddy.... WEE JOE on One Block hasn't dummied up since the latest arrival here. Always runnin' off the chin, and at that age yet! You can do better than that, JOE... .. And hello to all the guys across the road from all over here, and a special farewell to the LOU and his column. We hope you leave the boardwalks alone, even at Easter-time.... Take it slow, guy.... Got to run—just got a hot tip on some real scandal, and the Peepin' Tom just passed the office do'.... And hot off the press is the fact that GARRY is done! Lo and behold, the three months was a little too much for him. Live and learn, guy. She DID the impossible.... And the STEVIE in one block is very happy these nights with his new bunch of toys. Seems the choo choo train is short of a mail car but the caboose and the engine are runnin' smooth. How about the tank, STEVE? Need any repairs?... And for the RIPPER MARTIN—we got the subscription and the invoice and year's supply will be forthcoming. Stay off the Catawba and we'll be seeing you in the near future. We could use a double or a triple. Depending on the shape you are in.... Hello to the FAT ONE and the little THIN ONE LORRAINE from yours trulies, the sneeze brothers.... And the VIRG!.... And for you IRENE, we say hello for the HARRY and drop the kid line. He's a great little guy.... And for the BOBBY—thanks for the first letter in sixteen months and I for one am glad to hear you are working again. Keep it up, kid, and we'll see you shortly.... And CHUB CHUB in the kitchen is gettin' fatter every day. What a guy, and the smile is always there, even though the circumstances are very trying.... And the LARRY is fine and says hello to the town of WINDSOR.... And so does the DEAN.... And FERGOOSIN and the BILLY H. are back in the carpenter shop. What happened to the farm gang and all the sub-zero temperatures? Too much for you guys, eh?... And hellos go out to the BOB-BY WILLIS and the JUDO JACK, STEVIE D. and CRICKETTS.... For the JIM JIM, how is it, pal? Oh, what a long one this is going to be.... But you can do it?.... And who wants a little water? Seems the JOE SUL was running off the chin the other day and CHISEL CHIN let go with the whole can

full. A little wet, but he survived the attack. Be on your toes, BOBBY.... See the requests are back in action on Friday evenings and we are glad, as the time goes that much faster. Got to give credit where credit is due, and a fine job is being done down there in the dug-out and we all appreciate it—despite the beefs.... And what is AL doin' these days—never see the thin one. Of course there isn't too much of this guy and it is hard to see him at any time.... Hi, RONNIE! Not this issue, old man, but we will keep you in mind for the future.... Little ED doing fine in the barber shop and he has to be a good one by the time he leaves. Haven't forgotten the dictionary remark, either.... And for the CY and the SAM—how does it feel to be paper-hangers? Stick with it, and we can hardly wait to see you. It's been a long time: after all, a promise is a promise and you know the way it goes: This will cost you it all... What's with the lights in the barn these days? Seems the bulbs always need a little repair job. What about this, RON.... And the STOGIES are fine, pal, but don't miss or you are done... .. And the SCHMEIL was collecting wine bottles on the street but the drops piled up on him and he had to retire before he became addicted to the stuff.... And our COCO has a brand new coat made for him, and we would like to have the story on RAMONA.... And to the JOHN BINNIE, we say hello for the PODGE and the STOBBO.... Anxious to see your smiling face, buddy.... The BIG JOHN RICE, and we do mean BIG, is the quietest schmandycrafter in the jail.. Notice to the EX-GRANTED, but stay away from the wrong doors.... JOE HIESEL with all that knowledge the other night when the 64,000 question was on. Absorbed it all like a sponge and the kid has really got it.. OPEY still can't believe he is that smart.... I have a flush but it is a straight one. OH HO, HEE, HEE, HA, HA, HEE. Seems like the DEANO was second to the hand. OLD FAITHFUL was first to the hand and the guy went berserk.... And who is the guy that eats onions like apples to keep his friends away from him at the card table?.... And what is it with our WILLIE and the chess lessons? What kind of an act is this, FRED STAHLBAUM?..... And the CHIN staggerin' and reelin', getting into the theatre on the weekends. Seems the kid can't see past the proboscis now.... Little teenage MOE, the be-bop-a-roonie, made it a shot of half and half.... What a sneaky move, MOE. Pea soup, anyone?.... Big TED MEN-ARD doing fine and the guy says he is ready

Education and Library Service

Douglas Morgan



LECTURES

THE opening lecture, in a series of five to be given this Spring, was presented by Dr Glen Shortliffe, Professor, Department of French, Queen's University, who showed coloured slides of his travels in France and Italy. His commentary was very interesting and knowledgeable, and there was much evidence of superb photography. This was, indeed, a geography lesson in its most enjoyable form, and the afternoon provided nearly two hundred inmates with a great deal of enjoyment and a wealth of knowledge.

We realize the difficulty of arranging these lectures, but, in view of the great benefit which we derive from them, we feel that the number could be increased. It would be a great help in gauging the enthusiasm of the listeners if they would write their comments, praise and criticism, on a piece of paper and drop the note in the LIBRARY Box—or the Diamond Box.

We are rather inclined to take the good things of life, including these lectures, for granted. They are something 'extra' which a few interested people, through perseverance, have managed to obtain for us. The least we can do is show some enthusiasm and try to hold what we have.

At the second lecture, over two hundred inmates were present for the talk given by Dr. Arnold Kelly, Medical Officer of Health for the City of Kingston, on Thursday, January 31st, 1957. Dr. Kelly was introduced by Mr. C.R. Hogeboom, Supervisor of Education at Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

Dr. Kelly, in a very engaging and interesting manner, spoke on the subject of health generally. Defining health, he said that it was a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being. Disease, he said, was any departure from a state of health of the body. We are familiar with this aspect of the subject, but we are less familiar with mental and social diseases. They were less easily defined but, wherever there was an illness, be it physi-

cal, mental or social, there is always the possibility of a cure.

Good health is a privilege, not a right, said Dr. Kelly, and the responsibility for maintaining good health devolved upon both the individual and the Government.

About ten years ago a World Health Organisation was set up, whose aim it was to arrange, if possible, for "the attainment by all peoples of the highest possible level of health." It should be noted that a Canadian was the first Executive Director of this organisation. This body sends experts into any country suffering a plague or epidemic, upon the request of that country. There it helps organise control of the epidemics.

At the highest level, the Department of National Welfare of the Federal Government, in conjunction with the Governments of other countries, controls ships quarantine, Food and Drugs, Immigration and Narcotics. It also acts in an advisory capacity. This department also deals with Old Age Pensions and Baby Bonuses.

At the second level there is the Provincial Department of Health, with direct and indirect service. This department controls mass X-Ray operations and also provides laboratory services for many districts. It is at these laboratories that drinking water is tested. It also sets up hospitals for the mentally ill. In an advisory capacity, it deals with problems of sanitation, nutrition and communicable diseases.

On the Municipal level, we have a Board of Health with the Medical Officer of Health and the Sanitary Officer. Because the Municipal Board of Health deals directly with people it is at this level that results are most often obtained.

Although it is wonderful to have medicines to cure illness, went on Dr. Kelly, it is far better to avoid having illnesses altogether. Working on this principle, the Boards of Health operate many "preventive procedures." At

the moment, said Dr. Kelly, the only things that we can't prevent are aging and pregnancy. The preventive measures are not often dramatic, in the way surgery sometimes is, but nevertheless its necessity is recognised by most.

Dr. Kelly gave some examples of the direct work of the Medical Officer of Health and his staff, saying that it was their principal function to assure a safe public food supply, to examine samples of milk in all its stages of processing, supervise efficient sewage disposal and tackle the heavy problem of adequate housing. The nurse on the staff of the Municipal Board of Health dispenses care and instructions to expectant mothers, advises on maternal programmes, and care for pre-school children. The schools are visited regularly by physicians and dentists. All vaccines are administered under the supervision of the Medical Officer of Health and his staff.

Dr. Kelly stressed that the Medical Officer and his staff spend 99% of their time educating people in matters of health, the rudiments of which are unknown to a great many people.

Everyone seemed to enjoy Dr. Kelly's talk, and the interest taken was quite evident by the number of pertinent questions asked at the end of the session.

On Thursday, February 7th, Professor J.C. Cameron, Professor and Head of the Department of Industrial Relations, Queen's University, spoke to a group of approximately one hundred and fifty inmates. His topic was entitled 'What of Wages?'

Professor Cameron, in a manner which was very engaging, explained most clearly the procedures in industry which were set into motion when a wage dispute arose. He compared the present day relationship between Employer and Union with the time, in the not too distant past, when the employer always had the last say. Professor Cameron said that, under the Ontario Labour Relations Act, any person is allowed to join any Union he wishes, and if half or more of the employees of a plant join a Union, they can apply for, and will be granted, a certificate which will say that they have the right to bargain wages, conditions, etc.

Explaining the benefits of Trade Unions, Professor Cameron said that it need not necessarily raise the standard of living. In Britain, 100% of the Workers are Union Members, whereas less than 25% of Canadian workers were members, yet the standard of living in Britain was lower than that of Canada. Saying

that no one can state what a 'fair wage' was, Professor Cameron added that the standard of living depended upon volume of production. The Professor's use of a fictitious Crusoe, Friday and Saturday, effectively illustrated the fact of his statement.

This was a thoroughly enjoyable and educational lecture, and the audience's appreciation and attentiveness was evidence by the number of pertinent questions they asked at the close of the talk.

Thursday, February 14th brought Professor K.A. MacKirdy, Assistant Professor of History, Queen's University, to speak to us. Professor MacKirdy spoke on the 'Reading and Writing of History.'

Saying that he was a regular reader of the Collin's Bay Penitentiary magazine, 'The Diamond' Professor MacKirdy said that he hoped that some of the talent which had been exhibited in that magazine could be used, some day, in the writing of historical works. He added that it would not be the first time for works of renown to have been produced as a result of a person's incarceration, and he mentioned Nehru and Gandhi as examples.

To those who might wonder why we should have to read history at all, Professor MacKirdy said that it was impossible to appreciate the kind of mess in which the world now found itself without knowing something of the historical background of the peoples of the world.

"A person who has studied the history of the peoples of the Middle East will be able to appreciate some of the reasons for their tension, strifes and suspicions which are rife there," said the Professor. He added that a student of history develops a skepticism which prompts him to question many of the statements which appear as fact in the newspapers and magazines. He gains the priceless ability of being able to evaluate news accurately.

Professor MacKirdy suggested that all of history could be written in the form of biographies of the important and influential men who lived in those times, and he suggested that a person who wished to study history could do worse than to start with the reading of biographies.

Professor MacKirdy was glad to note that in recent years history books were being made more readable, and did not consist of a mess of names and dates which, to most people, were confusing and uninteresting.

The lecture on Thursday, February 21st brought to a close the series for this year. Doctor Bourne, Lecturer at Queen's University, spoke on "Immunity," and in a manner so interesting as to hold his audience completely.

Dr. Bourne said that blood consisted of more than 90% water, and circulated to every part of the body. No part of the body, including the most unlikely places, such as bone, was without a constant supply. Thus it was, when a germ entered the blood stream through a wound, the germ was scattered throughout the circulatory system. These germ bacteria, being living cells, needed food and they lived, discharged waste products into the blood-stream, and they died and the dead material remained in the body. This waste product did not seem to affect the red blood cells, in many cases there was no effect on the white blood cells, but there was a strong effect on the machinery producing gamma globulin. This gamma globulin attacked the germ infecting the blood stream and, having rejected the germs, would remain in the blood stream immunising the person against infection in the future by a similar germ.

If this person was later infected by another germ, then the machinery would be set in motion again, producing another body which would immunise against the second type of germ.

Dr. Bourne said that the reason that this machinery does not control all diseases was that the waste products produced by some germs were toxic to an extent that the victim died before the machinery could get into action. It was a question of time. Dr. Bourne added that something could be done about this. Germs could be grown in test tubes (cultured.) These germs, treated chemically, could be injected into the body in order to produce an anti-body without the usual accompanying sickness. These cultures were called vaccines.

Another method was to produce cultures and then filter and treat chemically the solution in which these germs had been cultured. The resulting solution, containing the waste products of the germs, can then be used as a vaccine in certain instances, specifically in the case of diphtheria immunisation.

Yet a third method is employed. The sample of the blood of a donor, who has already had the disease, is obtained and injected into the blood of the recipient.

A fourth method is to isolate the gamma globulin in the blood obtained from blood-banks, and use this to immunize against disease.

There was some surprise registered when Dr. Bourne said that most of the listeners had, at some time or other, contacted poison in a mild form, recovered, and were now immune.

Obviously of great interest was Dr. Bourne's explanation of the blood-grouping system. Most inmates give blood twice a year, and many are mystified by the code letter that appears on their 'donor's card.' By means of a simple diagram, Dr Bourne showed that persons with AB Group blood could receive blood from a donor in any group, and was known as the 'Universal Recipient.' Those with Blood Group 'O' could give blood to any other group, and were known as the 'Universal Donor.'

A lively question-period developed at the close of this most enjoyable and informative lecture.

COMMENTS ON THE LECTURES.

The attending of lectures is foreign to a great many inmates in this Penitentiary, and to many of those who attended the series of lectures held here during January and February for the first time, the experience was novel, entertaining and enlightening. It is to be hoped that they will not forget the experience when they leave here but they will take advantage of the lectures which, in all probability, are a regular feature of the community life of which they will form a part. Contrary to the popular belief, one need not be an 'egg-head' to appreciate good lectures.

That the lectures were enjoyed by many is evidenced by the frequent remarks made that "there are just not enough of them."

Quite obviously, when the doors to programmes of this nature are thrown open to all, and form an alternative to routine work and to inclement weather, an influx of undesirable and unappreciative characters is inevitable. So it was noticed — almost imperceptibly we admit — and the atmosphere was somewhat spoiled by the shuffling of shoes and a certain amount of talking. It is understood that a form of 'selection' is made at Kingston Penitentiary whereby individuals are chosen to attend these lectures, and this method apparently operates quite successfully. Perhaps such a

selection should be made here. The difficulties are appreciated, but so are the great advantages.

We wish to extend to Warden Richmond our sincere thanks for sanctioning these lectures, and our gratitude to the Supervisors of Education at Collin's Bay Penitentiary who, with the kind assistance of the Department of Extension, Queen's University, made these lectures available to us. Our sincere thanks also to the lecturers who so selflessly gave of their free time to come here and talk to us.

BOOK REVIEWS

It is surprising that there is not a greater demand for the many biographies and autobiographies that we have on our library shelves, particularly as they contain some of the greatest works of literature. The following will be sure to appeal to those readers who like history and authentic adventure. After all, truth is often stranger than fiction.

"In the Happy Hunting Grounds that night, Black Fish and Moluntha grunted, held out their hands, buried their tomahawks, and lit the peace pipes. Shetowee had joined the tribe at last."

Thus ends a fascinating biography of one of the New World's most fascinating and colourful characters, Daniel Boone.

At a time when Marlborough was winning honors for British arms, early in the 18th Century, young Daniel Boone, along with his parents and brothers, left Devon, England for the religious tolerance of Pennsylvania. The astounding adventures and experiences of this remarkable Indian fighter, pioneer and settler can be relived through the pages of the **FIGHTING FRONTIERSMAN** by John Darkness. Library #126.

The stirring tales of Zane Grey are familiar to most of us, but none of Zane Grey's characters saw and enjoyed life to the extent that their creator did. His life was packed with adventure.

You will be stirred by **ZANE GREY**, by Karr. Library #223.

"The Evil That Men Do Lives After Them." ...Shakespeare.

Etienne Brule was, when judged by the rigid and austere standards of Champlain and the Jesuits, a scoundrel, a libertine who had disgraced his race, a stumbling block to the spread of the Cristian faith, and a traitor who

sold New York to its enemies for a mere hundred pistoles.

The good of Etienne Brule has been buried with his bones, but J. Herbert Cranston in his book **ETIENNE BRULE**, Library #155, endeavours to set the record straight.

This is a gripping tale of the first white man to set eyes on four of the five Great Lakes, and make the first journey down the Susquehanna to its mouth. The man who, in the end, was killed, quartered, boiled and eaten by his long-time blood-brothers, the Bear Tribe of the Huron Indians. Incidentally, the reason for his murder constituted the first murder mystery in Ontario.

The following books, to be found on our fiction shelves, are noteworthy: **THE BIG PICK-UP** by Elleston Trevor, Library #4268.

At a few minutes before 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, May 26th, 1940, a signal was sent out from the Admiralty in London: Operation Dynamo is to commence." On that fearful day it has been estimated that 45,000 men could be brought across the Channel from Dunkirk if the Germans could be held for two days. The Navy brought home not 45,000 but a third of a million! The Army held out against the Germans not for two days, but for nine!

In his book, Elleston Trevor follows a group of men through the scenes of carnage, cowardice, courage and bestiality which formed the pattern which was Dunkirk. His prose keeps rushing you on with the speed of modern war vehicles, and the author's intimate knowledge of the events is revealed, with utmost realism, throughout the book.

A gripping tale!

LIGHT IN AUGUST by William Faulkner, Library #4750.

Faulkner has made important contributions to the literature of his age, producing from his fertile and vivid imagination **SARTORIS**, **THE SOUND AND THE FURY**, **AS I LAY DYING**, **SANCTUARY** and **LIGHT IN AUGUST**.

LIGHT IN AUGUST is looked upon as Faulkner's finest novel—a modern classic. It is certainly his longest and most varied in mood and character.

One cannot wholly believe that Faulkner's characters are ever real but one cannot help feeling *with* them if not *for* them, and it is quite impossible not to become hopelessly involved with the people to whom Faulkner's imagination has given life.

The plot of *LIGHT IN AUGUST* is flimsy, but that fact does not detract from the fascination derived from reading the book. The portrait of Joe Christmas, whose tragedy is the subject of the novel, comes very much alive when seen as the boy in an asylum, as the adolescent on McEachern's farm, the virgin who conducts his own lonely rites of puberty, as the man obsessed with the taint in his blood, as the spinster's lover, the killer, and as the hunted.

Much of *LIGHT IN AUGUST* is shot through with music and poignant beauty. Faulkner is the only writer, at the moment, who offers a genuine threat to the so-called modern style, who is willing to employ rhetoric and restore it to its old dignity.

It is refreshing to note that, in the early stages of his book, and again at the end, Faulkner constantly uses fused words: patina-smooth, littleused, inyawning, higharmed, heelgnawed, etc. It is put to conspicuous use in the first few chapters, and then suddenly, about a third of the way through, it vanishes altogether and "littleused" become "little used" once again.

This book will hold you enthralled.

"In all forms of art—music and painting as well as literature—familiarity with what is excellent is the only method of learning to appreciate it: the prolonged and sluggish loitering with mediocrity is little likely to promote intellectual growth."

VOLUNTARY MOVIES

The Saturday afternoon movies, initiated some months ago, have been continued with marked success. The week following the Bell Telephone films saw a screening of five subjects loaned to us by the Information Service of India. Coloured and black-and-white shorts conducted us on tours of various game preserves and state parks, and a very fine exhibit of wild life was to be seen. The City of Bombay with its teeming millions was very beautifully presented, and the entire afternoon was enjoyed by some half of the inmate population.

The next Saturday afternoon we were favoured by two films from Imperial Oil Limited. The first film, titled 'Newfoundland Scene' constituted a salute to Canada's newest province and was chosen 1951 Film of the Year. Newfoundland is an island of rugged beauty, rich in tradition, with a happy, hardy people and age-old customs. 'Newfoundland Scene' reveals much of the island's beauty, shows some of its livelihoods, and captures the ro-

bust spirit of the sea-going peoples of Canada's tenth province. It conveys the intermingling of the traditional and modern customs on the island, and does this by concentrating on the picturesque but little-known outposts—places with such story-book names as Come-by-Chance and Heart's Desire — where the hardy villagers wrest their living from a stubborn soil and an ever-dangerous ocean. The craggy outports are shown in their summer glory and winter bleakness. Out of them sail the fishing, sealing and whaling fleets. A whale-hunting sequence has been described as among the most exciting ever filmed. The actors give authenticity to the film for they are the people of the outports themselves, going about their daily tasks.

The musical background was specially composed and includes many traditional Newfoundland airs.

The second film was titled 'The Loon's Necklace,' and is an award-winning film about a fascinating Canadian legend.

Among the legends that have come from the North American Indians is one which tells how the loon acquired the white bands around its neck. Steeped in antiquity, this legend is familiar up and down the north-western coast of the continent.

The film tells the story of this legend through the voice of a narrator and of thirty-five actors wearing carved wooden masks. These Indian masks are more than one hundred years old and are still brilliant in their original pigments.

This film has won many awards at home and abroad, and was named one of the world's most outstanding non-commercial films. More than one and one-quarter million Canadians have seen it.

On the Saturday following, we enjoyed films loaned us by the French Embassy, and for sheer artistic appeal, to the eye, ear and imagination, these could not be surpassed.

The first film was titled 'Pacific 231' and the theme is a locomotive. The impression this steam-engine makes upon the composer, Arthur Honegger, is portrayed against a musical background, from its pulling out of the roundhouse and marshalling-yards to the conclusion of a cross-province run. This is a most unusual picture and the enthusiasm it provoked on the large audience attending was amazing.

The second film conducted us on a tour of Algeria and many of its people, customs, livelihoods and music were most graphically portrayed.

The third film, titled 'Napoleon Bonaparte' was a forty-five minute documentary of his life and times, and was made from photographs, murals and writings of that epoch. With a musical background provided by the Colonne Orchestra, this film is a living testimony to technological perfection in the last half of our century.

There were many requests for repeat showings of 'Pacific 231' and 'Napoleon Bonaparte' and we can only advise our readers to take advantage of any opportunity they may have to see these spectacular, artistic masterpieces.

Many more enjoyable Saturday afternoons are scheduled, and we shall report them in forthcoming issues.

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Girl's Father: "Young man, we turn the lights out here at 10 P.M."
Boyfriend: "That's okay, we won't be reading."

** ** ** **

When Lord Bacon was Chancellor of England, a witty criminal was brought before him. "Your Honour should let me go," he observed. "We're kin. My name is Hogg and Hogg is kin to Bacon."

** ** ** **

Oscar Levant is said to have asked George Gershwin: "Tell me, George, if you had it to do all over, would you fall in love with yourself?"

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REELIN' & DEALIN'

for the coming season. Gonna win the battle crown, eh TED? RALPH and TEX have to sleep with one eye open these nights. Seems the BIG BUCK is giving them a rough way to go.... And the TEX got blasted right before our eyes and he retreated to the safety of the radio room. HENRY, OH! HENRY.... And the T.V. laid out a dandy the other day and it seems like the 'demonstrating' didn't go over too well! In fact, it stank the joint out for two days. Have to do better than that, old man.... And the SHEENIE is acting up again. If you don't behave, you won't even see the little old blue slip at all.... Better order some extra jam, FRED, so we won't run short.... And the HARVEY in Number One Dorm is really bulgin' these days, and you can't catch in that condition, buddy. Better shed a few.... And if the JIVIN' JOE JACKSON bugs you then just give us the scandal and we will put him in the column next issue.... And that goes for PUNCHY, too.... And the YO YO MAN, all eager for the new string. The kid is really lost without—the Yo Yo.... And hello to the GEORGE REEVES from the RICK, BILL, CHISEL CHIN and all the rest of the gang.... And the RIPPER is a fine lad and we like the Globe and Mail very much.... The JOE POSMITUK is doing it nice and easy, and always has a nice word for all.... Same with his buddy BERT.... And the welcome mats go out for the JACK McKAY. Your loss is our gain, fellows. Any-

Continued From Page 19

more over there?... To the REDHEAD out WEST—Hello from Rick and Bill.... Take it easy out there, Dad.... And what two guys are runnin' around with Weight Reducing novels. Seems the Cabin and the other half are doin' alright with them. Last time we saw one of the reducers, he was runnin' for his life.... The VIRG is very happy these days, and we wonder where he gets the energy.... And for the LOU in Number One Dorm—we know you waxed and polished the whole thing all by yourself and it certainly didn't go unnoticed. Nice work, guy, and appreciated by all the dorm.... And what do you think happened last week? Tex went down to the radio room and asked RALPH PARKS if he had any numbers by the guy that plays the trumpet. Asked what the name was and he said PERRY COMO.... And the DEAN and his IVORY TOWER. Don't know what it is all about but we will look into the thing and try to give as much scandal as possible.... The biggest argument these days is betwixt the BROWNIE and WILDROOT. Neither one of these guys has too much room to talk as they are both starting to shine the head instead of comb it. Seems like JIM tried to make OPE look like him last time. He cut him almost bald and the OPE escaped just in time.... Oh well, JAMES, you are not the only one who is losing his hair, eh LAWRENCE MEYERS?...

That about wraps it up, and we'll see you lads in the next thirty.

SPEAKING of SPORTS

By RICK WINDSOR

Howdy to Hoot Mon and the sport pages. No confirmation from our Detroit article sent in by your sparring partner Big "Stew".

Well the NHL is a little out of shape from the way I picked them at the start of the season. In the number one slot is the DETROIT RED WINGS. This is a result of the fine play of the captain, Ted Lindsay, who at this writing is leading the league in scoring. Along with the splendid goal tending of Glen Hall is the versatile playing of Gordie Howe, who is currently ranked as the number three scorer in the league. Gordie is out in front in the goal department and is doubling on defense whenever the team draws a penalty.

The MONTREAL CANADIENS are #2. The team that completely overpowered the rest of the league last year is certainly having a rough time this year. They have been plagued with many injuries and the most outstanding one is the Boom Boom Geoffrion. This fine player has been injured for most of the year and the team really misses his hustling style of hockey. Jean Beliveau is having another fine season and at this time is the number two man in the scoring spree. Dickie Moore is going all out to have a fine record for the season and the kid is really dynamite. In the net minding department is the outstanding play of Jacques Plante. He is leading the Detroit goalie by one point at the present time and if the race continues the way it has in the first few months of the season it promises to be a real battle right down to the wire.

In the #3 slot is the BOMBARDING BOSTON BRUINS, who, I am sure is surprising the rest of the league as well as the Boston fans. The biggest gun in this line up is the sensational Don Simmons who has filled in for the failing Terry Sawchuk, and we might add, in sensational style. Doug Mohns is a real fine defenseman and is having a great season back there with Fern Flaman. In the seven games this new goalie has played he has five wins in seven tries and boast a pair of shutouts. One of these came in DETROIT'S own back yard, when the Boston team defeated them 1-0.

The 4th and last playoff spot is currently tied by both the TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS and the NEW YORK RANGERS. The edge, in this writers opinion goes to the youthful leafs and the added strength, veteran Teeder Kennedy has supplied in the face off department. The Leafs have been injured all season and have yet to field a team at full strength. They have played sound hockey on most of their appearances and the goal tending of Rookie Ed Chadwick has been nothing short of sensational. This kid is a real threat for the Rookie Award of the Year and has helped the Leafs no end. Dickie Duff is having a fine year and the kid is the leading scorer on the Leaf team. Big George Armstrong is back after a long injury as is the popular and potent Tod Sloan.

The RANGERS on the other hand have had a full team for most of the season and they have had a lot of bad breaks. Phil Watson is juggling the team a lot and is trying to come up with a winning line up. The man should let them work together as a team for awhile and see just what they can do. Every time the club loses a game they are threatened with the minor league. All in all it should be a blazing finish between Toronto and New York for the last playoff berth.

Last, but certainly not least is the CHICAGO BLACKHAWKS. This team has a terrific amount of youth and hustle and at the present time they are playing for the next seasons contracts. They just beat Toronto in a home and home series taking three points from a possible four to lower the Leafs in the standings. The Hawks lack the experience most of the time and the finesse around the enemy nets is not there when it comes time to put the puck home. They are learning though and in the future will be a real threat for the rest of the league. For the scoring championship, I pick the big Jean Beliveau to win it by at least five points and for the runner up position I go to the versatile Gordie Howe. For the third spot I pick Terrible Ted Lindsay of the Detroit Club.

For the VEZINA TROPHY I nominate Glen Hall over the Hab's Jacques Plante. It will be close but the Hall will be the boss man in the goal department.

For the best ROOKIE award I pick the electrifying Ed Chadwick of the Toronto Maple Leafs. For the LADY BYNG TROPHY I predict it will be a photo finish between Detroit's Earl Riebel and Toronto's Sid Smith.

In the playoffs it is going to be a rough one and I would like to see the Toronto Maple Leafs bring home the bacon although it is a little hopeless to even think along those lines.

And now that I am finished with the hockey predictions lets move over to the baseball scene and visit the various clubs. The winter months brought on a few trades and some of the clubs are going to be tougher in both loops. The way I see them for the coming year is a little rough, but everyone is entitled to his own way of thinking.

Most of the teams in the American League are finishing up the contract signing of their players and the biggest holdout was the MIGHTY MICKEY MANTLE! And this is one guy that can afford to be a holdover. With the way he smashed that apple around last year the kid can name his own price and the word has just came through he has signed for an estimated \$60,000. What price glory. The belting BERRA doesn't get that much and the Yogi is the assistant manager. The NO RUN, NO HIT, NO NOTHING (AGAINST THE DODGERS YET) DON LARSEN is in the fold and the YANKS are ready to go to spring training. The CLEVELAND INDIANS are getting little old and they didn't take on any players that were outstanding in the minor leagues. Unless they come up with a few players the Indians are destined for the second division. The DETROIT TIGERS and the BOSTON RED SOX are the most improved team for the coming season. The TOUCHY TED WILLIAMS has just inked a contract for \$100,000 dollars. WOW! What a buck. If BOB PORTERFIELD can come up with a fine season the RED SOX are going to be a real tough nut for the AMERICAN LEAGUE. Many clubs are bidding for the ALLERGIC (TO CLEVELAND FANS) AL ROSEN. He could be a big gun to some club and this writer feels he would do just dandy in another city.

The BALTIMORE ORIOLES will be a much better club this year and the KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS are in the same field as the Orioles. They have some promising kids on the roster and if they materialize could reach the higher ratings at the end of the season.

The WASHINGTON SENATORS are slowly losing their grip on baseball and the fame it has known for the past number of years. They have a fine manager in the person of CHARLIE DRESSEN (of Brooklyn fame) but they lack the tools and the experience to go anywhere for a few years yet.

The CHICAGO WHITE SOX are in the same boat as last year and they need someone who can hit the long ball for them when the pressure is on. LARRY DOBY is getting old and it seems like the MINNIE MINOSO is not up to what he was supposed to be. The little Cuban is having a rough time and if he don't come through this year he is apt to find himself on the trading block. BILLY PIERCE is the old veteran and he should have another fine season if the club will hit for him. DICK DONOVAN is another fine hurler and he should be a big winner in the American League this year. Now lets go to the National League. Oh! Brooklyn. The Dodgers are the team to beat despite the poor showing they had in the world series. Even without the great JACKIE ROBINSON!! The Bums have picked up a pair of promising rookies and the one standout is the slugging DON DEMETER who is an outfielder. The Brooks have the JOHNNY PODRES back and a fine year should feature his return to the game. (Am I a Dodger Fan?) Ha!! Carl Spooner is on the comeback trail after a pair of seasons with a sore arm and the hefty lefty could be a big help to the Dodger pitching staff if he can win a starting assignment. And the Old SAL MAGLIE has inked the '57 contract for an estimated \$30,000 green ones. The old man still has what it takes upstairs and will be a big factor in the drive for the pennant.

Milwaukee and the case of Jolting JOE ADCOCK are all under contract and it seems as though there is a little question as to whether or not the Joe can have the same kind of year he had last year. They never done too much over the winter months and the team could use a couple of clutch hitters. CINCINNATI REDLEGS are the team to watch this season in the SENIOR CIRCUIT. They have the guns to go all the way and they have picked up some strength in the pitching department. With men like BIG KLU and the rookie sensation of last year in the person of FRANK ROBINSON they will be a rough club to beat. They could rewrite the records in either league.

The ST. LOUIS CARDINALS promise to be a little more exciting in the coming season and FRANK LANE has been at it again. The trades this man comes up with is questionable but he is almost always able to get results. The big gun in this line up is the SLUGGING STAN MUSIAL. This fine hustler has just signed a contract and is on his way for more records at the expense of the National League hurlers. The PHILLIES and the PIRATES are a pair of teams that lack experience. They have youth and hustle but their bid for world series honors will not be noticed this season. The NEW YORK GIANTS are a team that have not helped themselves in the winter months and they are destined to stay in the second division this year. They have a fine hurler in the person of JOHNNY ANTONELLI and an exceptionally find fielder in WILLIE MAYS. The CHICAGO CUBS are the cellar dwellers in the NATIONAL LEAGUE. They too have the potential in their younger players but they lack in the pitching department and in the experience. They will be threats if they improve on their fielding and their pitching strength.

All in all the season will be a rough one in both leagues with the National being a tighter race than the American. The teams in the National League are more evenly balanced than the American and with the likes of Milwaukee, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Cincinnati Redlegs, they promise another photo finish the same as the last season produced.

My predictions for the year are as follows:

AMERICAN LEAGUE:

1. New York Yankees
2. Boston Red Sox
3. Detroit Tigers
4. Chicago White Sox
5. Cleveland Indians
6. Baltimore Orioles
7. Kansas City Athletics
8. Washington Senators

NATIONAL LEAGUE:

1. Brooklyn Dodgers
2. Cincinnati Redlegs
3. Milwaukee Braves
4. St. Louis Cardinals
5. New York Giants
6. Pittsburgh Pirates
7. Philadelphia Phillies
8. Chicago Cubs

For the titles in the both leagues I pick the following:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Home run: Mantle
RBI's: Mantle
Batting title: Williams

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Home runs: Snider
RBI's: Aaron
Batting title: Aaron

Twenty game winners in the league as far as this writer is concerned is as follows:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Pierce, Chicago
Turley, Yankees
Ford, Yankees
Wynn, Indians
Hoeft, Detroit
Porterfield, Boston

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Newcombe, Dodgers
Roberts, Phillies
Spahn, Milwaukee
Antonelli, Giants
Lawrence, Cincinnati
Friend, Pittsburgh

I also think the **MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARD** will go to **DUKE SNIDER** in the National League and for the American League I have pick the **Mighty MICKEY MANTLE**. Over in the fistc world we find the heavyweight picture in quite a turmoil. The main question at the present time is who they can get to fight the new champ, Patterson. This kid hasn't too much competition at the present time and the only one of any special merit is the up and coming Eddie Machen. This boy is really making a name for himself and his latest victim was the ancient Joey Maxim. The Middleweight Division is the best. This select circle of men are of the finest calibre and the bottom man in the top ten ratings would give the new champ, Gene Fullmer a real battle for the title. The biggest surprise of the year is the comeback of the once top, Joey Giardello. Joey recently stopped the high ranking Bobby Boyd in their latest bout. It was a right hook in the eight and it retired the favored Boyd for a few months. The jaw was broken. Also in the top ten are the likes of **TIGER JONES**, conquerer of Sugar Ray Robinson, Rory Calhoun the newest punching sensation in many years and the pleasing Spider Webb. Also on the same list is Bobby Boyd and Charlie Humez, the French champion. In all of these fighters the most logical one would be the Electrifying **JOEY GIARDELLO**. In the Welterweight Division the champion **CARMEN BASILIO** is defending his title against **JOHNNY SAXTON** on the 22nd of this month. I think the best match for this man at the present time would be the new arrival, Gaspar Ortega, who just recently beat favored **TONY DEMARCO** the ex-champion. **SANDY SADDLER** has quit the ring due to a recent injury to his eyes after an automobile accident this past year. He hopes to make a comeback, providing his eye operation is successful. The most likely successor to the title would be the pleasing Cherif Hamia the French champion who has yet to lose in this country. He has had some terrific battles with Miguel Berrios and the kid is the best in that division.

On the local scene the action has lulled to a standill since the soccer season closed. The tackle rugby has stopped and the hockey rink is now a great big swimming hole. The ice never lasted long enough to even fall on. Over on the **HANDBALL COURT**, the competition is not the same as it was a few years ago and there hasn't been a tournament for several months. We are looking forward to a bridge tournament to kill the long winter months and the **EUCHRE TOURNAMENT** will also be a welcomed addition. The **CHESS PLAYERS** are all squared off and are ready to defend their laurels, as are the **CRIBBAGE PLAYERS**.

Well my little ol' frindlies (To quote Lester) that about wraps it up for this issue and in the next we will wind up the hockey season and the leaders in the various departments. Until the next issue then this the Rick saying we are all amateurs but we play the game for the game's sake. See you all in the nexty thirty. Bye now.

The Tactless Texan

Being an amused peruse of the news and other trivia.

Gentlemen, the last vestiges of chivalry have sounded the death knell. Comes to the fore Professor Walter C. Reckless of Ohio State University. Quite unwrecklessly, Professor Reckless categorically states there are eight times as many men as women arrested each year, but eighteen times as many men go to prison. Main difference in arrests, he says, is that the fairer sex conceals its behaviour better than men. Further: "Female criminality is grossly under-reported, especially when we consider shoplifting, thefts, poisoning of husbands, and so forth." Women come in for softer treatment all around, according to the Professor's paper. The comely woman is particularly apt to receive the benefits of the doubt because of her well displaced physical assets. For generations past it has been darkly muttered among the light-fingered gentry that woman gets all the breaks. Now a learned statistician sombrely confirms all with hard, cold, realistic fact. Gents, there just ain't no justice! This judicial prejudice is enough to drive a male miscreant to the straight and narrow.

** ** ** ** **

Read where a couple are suing seven of Toronto's finest for \$175,000. as balm in a false arrest and imprisonment action. With a jaundiced eye, we await the ultimate outcome. Either way, results should prove entertaining. If the plaintiffs win, simple arithmetic cuts each minion's obligation to 25 G's. If they can't pay, it'll be embarrassing. MORE SO IF THEY CAN.

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Eighth Wonder Of Our Contemporary World: How disc jockeys can sound so disgustingly chipper at 6.45 A.M.

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Height Of Egotism: Working a cross-word puzzle with a fountain pen.

** ** ** ** **

Justification For Smashing Radio Earphones: The "Hot Dawg, It's A Shopsy" jingle.

** ** ** ** **

Wonder how much basis in fact lies in the old saw about a con reading off an offensive officer thusly: "Take it easy: you only work here — I live here."

** ** ** ** **

Odorous Odes Dept.:

But dear, I LOVE your apple pie;
Please pass another hunk.
It's just like mother used to make,
When mother dear was drunk.

** ** ** ** **

Anyone with even remote experience in the military will commiserate with Colonel James "Big Jim" (sic) Stone, Canadian Army Provost-Marshall. When the good colonel bemoans the burdens of misunderstanding under which his loyal corps of military police must labour, one just can't choke back that lump in the throat. Or so writes one George Bryant, columnist for the Toronto Star. Being an MP, says the colonel, "is tough." It's a selfless, thankless task at best. But, being of stout stock, bolstered by esprit de corps, the good colonel and his men carry gamely on. "Mothers use the policeman as a bogeyman or something," the colonel says with misty regret. "Or maybe Gilbert and Sullivan did it with their 'lot is not an 'appy one' bit."

Or, to interject, colonel: perhaps it was an assortment of lumps, bumps, knocks and bops plus miscellaneous massaging of military melons by provost alpenstocks of other halcyon years.

"Why, around the permanent married quarters (sic) he says, "... (the provosts)

helps youngsters find their toys, assist people who need help, act the part of a friend," etc. etc. etc.

Summing up resignedly, like the good soldier he undoubtedly is, the colonel sighs: "And there you have it. We cannot be loved. No matter how hard we try...."

The queue for crying towels forms to the right.

** ** ** ** **

Never rains but pours, seems as. Further police grief: A metropolitan force was taken to recent editorial task for alleged unnecessary gunplay by two 'gun happy' detectives, overly conscientious about collaring a stubborn suspect. Upshot was that suspect was plugged in a lower extremity while effecting a hasty departure. Most interesting portion of the rather verbose editorial blast was an outline of the attorney-general's legal position on gun-toting policemen, viz:

Policemen may use their weapons:

- (a) When it is the only way to prevent escape of a person caught in the act of committing a crime.
- (b) In circumstances in which a suspect may legally be arrested without a warrant.
- (c) In defence of his own life or the lives of others.

Firearms may not be used:

- (a) To prevent the flight of persons who have violated a provincial law.
- (b) Against anyone fleeing the serving of a warrant.

Ever attuned to the needs and well-being of its readers, this department offers the above information for its worth. Hastily, however, we append most emphatically that we cannot vouchsafe against deviation of the above on the part of free-wheeling, independent-acting gendarmes. In any event, perhaps it would help to clip this information and paste same in one's hat for future reference.

** ** ** **

Science, bless it, knows no bounds. Take those three contemporary pioneers who've whipped up a finger-tip size camera that takes pictures of the human stomach from the inside. Surfacewise, this appears another boon to medical science. Alas, a second glance proves another fatal defeat for genus criminalis. We see the time when this internal snitch will take its place alongside the lie-detector, sodium pentathol, fingerprinting and ballistics as a bimbo-buster. No longer is it sufficient to merely swallow the evidence as the carabinieri crash down the door. Now, lest the miniature camera be forced down your gullet to record the digested evidence, one must live with the thought that all food must be chewed well before swallowing.

** ** ** **

Nowadays, the quickest, sure-fire route to commercial success in the arts is to have a work banned. A few fairly recent cases in point, of course, would be the movie, "Baby Doll," the phonograph record, "John and Marsha," and the book, "From Here To Eternity."

This banning, of a certainty, is decreed by self-appointed censors---Guardians of the Public Morals. And if censorship's effects and implications ended there, the situation would not be half so provoking.

The mere existence of these pinch-nosed pundits with their feet firmly planted in the clouds intimates wrongly that adults are incapable of independent thought.

Torontonian Irving Hemel, executive secretary for the Civil Liberties Association, has publicly deplored the censors' implications that "those old enough to vote cannot be trusted to decide for themselves whether (anything) deserves to be seen (or heard, or read) or not."

Mr. Hemel's efforts are to be lauded as far as they go. But his well intentioned outcry seemingly skirted the basic issue. In North America, wherein citizens are constantly subjected to wearying chauvinistic breast-beatings, we seem to have cornered, at the same time, the market on censors. The only possible exception to this being the Kremlin Klan, whose censorship knows no bounds.

Never underestimating the effects, good and bad, of mass psychology, one of two patriotic tenets is seemingly off base. Either we North Americans enjoy the world's widest margins of freedom of choice, religion, etc., etc., or we only *think* we have those freedoms. How can one have the blessed options of freedom when a blue-beaked seer of morals reigns over one's alleged choices?

Censorship in any form---no less in a democracy---is the height of presumption. Moreso if it is self-appointed. And it is made even more unpalatable to any thinking

person by the growing multitudes of watery-brained, brittle backs who worship at the censor's shrine.

Contemporary culture is gauged by its art's proximity to realistic life itself. And real life is earthy. And there is nothing earthy about a censor's concepts of what is art and what is obscenity. This social element is comprised of the self-same frustrated, untalented introverts and pompous snobs who would devote their lifetimes to teaching children that the stork brings babies and that milk grows in bottles.

But in meditation, we wonder why we get steamed up at all. Maybe we are but dupes of a professionally engineered conspiracy. Maybe---just maybe---if the real facts were known, the censors are actually salaried hucksters in mufti for publishers, recording firms and Hollywood.

After all, one should never underestimate the ingenuity of the disciples of Barnum. In any event, censors themselves should be censored, censured and branded as the subversives they are; and made illegal.

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Eyebrow-Tilting Headline Of The Month:

**11 GIRLS WALK OUT
IDLES 700 AT PLANT**

** ** *

To dull another tooth in the ancient saw about crime's non-profit nuances, we direct the Doubting Dans to the case of a London, England, suspect who recently confessed to participating in a \$150,000 cash and jewel theft from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

Now the thief, it turns out, is actually a butler to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, see? Well, it seems that this butler's employer advised him but proper, see? Seems he told the misguided manservant to cop a plea and he'd be "looked after."

Well, this butler, see, being of stout moral fibre, testifies against his two erst-while accomplices and gets sprung scot free (or british free). The two lesser citizens, friendless among the realm, and hence devoid of salvation, drew down five and seven year jolts.

So you see, man, it's like I been telling you all along. It ain't what one does, but the way one does it after one gets caught. Plus, in this case anyway, whom one knows, plus whom one can finger, plus the gall to look oneself in the face each morning when one shaves.

Better to drag that straight-edge horizontally across one's throat.

** ** *

Understated Headline Of The Month:

**SPANKING SAID NO WAY FOR FATHER
TO REGAIN AFFECTION OF HIS SON.**

** ** *

Alas, seems as though pursuing the letter of the law does have its rewards. Another case in point would be the Frenchmen in Lille who was recently acquitted of charges of failing to aid a person in peril. He didn't try to cut the rope with which his wife had just hanged herself.

This solid citizen explained to the court that when he saw her dangling there, he exercised complete clear-headedness. He ran for the gendarmes instead of cutting her down.

"I didn't want to touch anything. The police always say it is forbidden."

The moral of which being: To avoid legal entanglements when witnessing illegal shenanigans, let sleeping dogs lie. Or hanging wives hang, as the case may be. After all, any public-spirited merchant will donate the required nickel to call the cops.

** ** *

Overheard in the chow line: "And then the Mounties moved in an' pinched the whole government."

We walked on, wondering...

** ** *

And from Washington comes dubious comfort from Navy experts on atomic defence. They've come up with a bomb shelter 99 per cent safe.

So far, so good. But it's that miniscule one per cent that worries hell out of us.

** ** *

The Tactless Texan, having writ,
Shall in his concrete hovel sit,
To watch, with weighty, martyred sigh,
The barbs and brickbats sailing by.

Editorial Musings

Bill Jones

ST. PATRICK TO THE RESCUE

IN the Seventeenth of March, we celebrated St. Patrick's Day, and a reincarnation of the Patron Saint of Ireland, that Emerald Isle much maligned via shaggy dog stories and much praised in song and verse, has come forward to praise young Canada—and may he be blessed for so doing.. We quote his letter, published in The Telegram on Thursday, February 14th.

"In Finest County. I am fed up listening to complaints about Canada. I'm a young Irishman, in Canada nine months. Have worked for the same company since. Employers and fellow-employees have always been more than helpful and kind. As a result, I am now firmly established and have put on considerable weight, health has never been better. Yes sir, this is the finest country."

Signed, *Russell N. Gillespie.*

Here, at last, we find A MAN who has something good to say for our country. Contrast this with some of the recent articles we have been reading in the press, by Canadians and otherwise.

One man offers to take on any sort of dangerous assignment if someone will give him ten thousand dollars to pay off his debts and permit him to start up in business. This man, unfortunately, happens to be a native Canadian, and he certainly suffers by comparison. There is no need to point up a moral here—a stranger has succeeded, so our compatriot must have put forth much less effort. It is our feeling that this man is only trying to find a soft touch, no work. To this Daredevil Dan we suggest a voluntary enlistment in Captain Kidd's Bathtub Navy, walking the plank and shackling in irons every Saturday matinee at 2.00 P.M. in Little Lord Fauntleroy's bathroom.

A second party has called Canadian women "poison" and mouths off loud and long about their failings. This Mortimer Snerd-like character—a Mr. Bore or some such name—hails from another country: he admits that he is a young bachelor of twenty eight. We are pleased, Bore, that we cannot describe the young ladies of your homeland in other than flattering terms, and we might add that OUR opinion is no snap judgment—we lived among

them for some three years. We formed a particularly high opinion of their intellect, and it would seem that they have not lowered their standard, else why are you still a bachelor, young, unattractive, and gay?

We are squeamish about mentioning the third of these exhibitionists, but nauseatingly mention the alien among us who has offered to sell his children. This flesh trader has certainly created a precedent in clean, decent Canada, and no doubt the country of his birth is breathing a fervent "thank God, good riddance." How monstrous can a human being become?

We could go on to sickening lengths, but should you readers get the impression that our reaction is bitterness from within prison walls, permit us to state that your writer is an eighth generation Canadian and more proud of that distinction than any pretensions to ducal grandeur in any country on earth. It is our feeling that issue should be taken by every source with the thoughtless, even vicious, criticism of our country by these would-be despoilers within our gates.

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

The paying price of thirty pieces of silver for information as to Christ's whereabouts ranks as the classic example of trust betrayed, but this sordid story is as ever-present today as it was two thousand years ago. We relate an incident herewith as a warning to all, but it has special application to all inmates.

In our editorial Fool's Freedom, we point up an instance of an ex-inmate whose folly will cost him many months of freedom: that man is young and irresponsible, and while his actions may have some ill effects on men still in prison, he will be the greatest loser. Our story, too, concerns an ex-inmate: this one is middle-aged, scrupulously unscrupulous, and disarmingly cunning.

During this man's imprisonment, he held a position of trust and took advantage of his "wheel" job to broadcast that "day by day in every way, I'm advancing the cause of prisoners." He became a veritable walking slogan of "trust is a must for rehabilitation" and even had some of the most jail-wise men won-

EDITORIAL MUSINGS

dering whether he was dedicated or pure phony. Your editorial staff had him sized up as a real three-P gent—pure phony plus!

Since this gentleman's release, various stories have filtered into the institution via the grapevine: despite the numerous offers of very lucrative employment he mentioned prior to discharge, these tales indicate the sledding has been tough. However, the inmate had expressed himself on more than one occasion that he knew it would not be easy, but he would persevere and, to quote him: "not foul up for the boys who will follow me." Let us examine this admirable philosophy and his practice of it.

Because of the nature of his work in the prison, this man had access to certain names and addresses, and it appears that he has shrewdly connected some of these with certain inmates—at least one. Two visits were paid to an aged parent of this inmate, and our 'friend' kindly outlined the facts to this mother that her son was in good health, serving his time well, had every reason to expect clemency from Ottawa, and that HE would "work and pray" for an early release for the son. During this very charming, very humane, and very sinister visitation, the mother was relieved of

fifty dollars of the money she had saved for her inmate son.

Can you not realize the feelings of the son in prison when he realizes how a trusting parent has been gulled? Do you not see how the mother will feel when this trouble is added to what she has borne, and is bearing? Think of this for amoment please.

If there can be any bright side to this tragedy it is in the fact that the particular inmate concerned will know that his parent will not suffer financially by this amount, but it **COULD HAVE BEEN** any one of a hundred others where this sum could mean suffering and even hunger. There is also the possibility that this money will keep the ex-inmate straight, although the method employed by him to obtain it makes this very remote. But look at it in any way you wish, trying to find as many excuses as you can, and you will still arrive at the same conclusion—you, and I, and every man in prison has received another setback because of one who is too lazy to work, too cowardly to steal, too snobbish to beg.

Heed the warning, fellows—tear up your old letters, keep your own council, and be just as smart as the next man. There may **YET** be a 'stranger' in our house.

Poetry In Prison

YOU TELL ON YOURSELF

You tell on yourself by the friends you seek,
By the very manner in which you speak,
By the way you employ your leisure time,
And by the way you use a dollar, or dime.
You tell what you are by the clothes you wear,
By the spirit in which your burdens you bear,
By the kind of things at which you laugh,
By the records you play on the phonograph.
You tell what you are by the way you walk,
By the things of which you delight to talk,
By the manner in which you bear defeat,
By so simple a thing as how you eat.
By the books you choose from a well-filled shelf,
In these ways, and more, you tell on yourself.
So there's really no particle of sense,
In an effort to keep up false pretense.

Selected, from **THE FORUM**.

THE WANDERER

He followed the stars within each orbit —
A guide to compass his yearly days,
He sought out Hell's eternal shelter,
And also Heaven's mirrored rays.
The road was long, the trail not straight,
The paths of time were now well-worn,
And in the end his dream came true,
Leading back to where he was born.

..Keith Munro.

UNTITLED END

Can it be that my whole future,
Wrapped in all the simple things of life,
Be so forlorn and sad that I will nurture,
The memories of life's eternal strife?

Keith Munro

MEMORIAM TO MY MOTHER

Four years, and more, this March are past,
Since last I heard your kind, sweet voice,
You're in His care, where all is fine,
And for that, dear, I do rejoice.
But never in the space of time,
So long as I may live,
Can any other have the mother
That, to me, my God did give.

Bruno Ialenti

Lettuce and tomatoes go together, but the tomato you get depends on the lettuce you've got.

The Draper Inmate

DON'T GIVE UP

Rick Windsor

TOO many of us give up the moment a prison door clangs shut behind us. The feeling of remorse inserts itself where maybe there are stored good manners, good thoughts and many more good things. Everyone is capable of being good!

Some of us are unaware of the better qualities we possess. Why? For the simple reason we have never explored our minds. We have taken life as it came. We got by on what little we really showed: our reasons for this is obvious—we gave up! We lacked the intestinal fortitude to push ourselves toward some definite goal. Instead of trying to get ahead in the world, we were content to lie around and be useless—TO OURSELVES and the whole of SOCIETY. The consequences were—we ended up behind bars. The big majority of us loved the 'fast buck' routine—we loathed the idea of going to work—we wanted to be 'Mr. Big' in the eyes of our friends. Friends?????

Instead of help each other, we jumped at the chance to ridicule, we gladly 'cut up' our supposed friends, we called 'Mr. Square John' the sucker, we laughed at people who tried desperately to make ends meet. We even bullied people when the opportunity was ripe, but we were careful whom we pushed, and when we pushed them: we did not want competition.

We have, however, an opportunity to get ahead NOW—we need nothing EXCEPT HELP. We can get it from others, but our main source is ourselves. All the help in the world is useless UNLESS we want to help ourselves. DON'T GIVE UP! If and when you decide to straighten out your thinking and your actions, don't give up. Oh yes, the time will come when you are eventually fed up with all you have attempted to do: your mind will probably say 'that's all for me.'

Why? Because we haven't the heart to fight on—we lack confidence in ourselves—we lack the necessary faith to struggle on.

Don't be afraid to ask for help. If one person fails to give you good advice, move on to the next. Everyone, no matter who he may be, likes to feel he can help someone. It gives him a feeling of satisfaction. Don't fight each other! What a change would come over us all if WE HELPED EACH OTHER instead of fighting OURSELVES! The whole atmosphere would brighten up, the conversation would be pleasant, and we would be able to relax in our cells at night. We could lie back and say: "well, I helped Joe today, nice guy."

On the other hand, we would be giving ourselves a boost in the morale department, knowing we can be of some value to others as well as ourselves.

It takes a REAL MAN to stick with a decision: so many obstacles will rise in his path, so many people will wonder if he is a little short in the head, BUT—for every day you work on your good thoughts, your new ideas to be a good citizen, and your willingness to help people, the reward will be great. Once you have disciplined your mind to those good ways, the effect will make you outstanding: you will be YOUR TRUE SELF. The struggle for success will be over, you DID NOT GIVE UP! It might be a long, tedious grind, to throw out from your 'old' mind, and many, with many hills to ascend, many bad thoughts many more things. However, YOU HAVE WON!

You are the victor, you are in command. BUT—don't forget the people behind you, the guy who is 'like you used to be'—he who needs the help you once needed. And so it goes, on and on—forever and ever, always the occasion will arise for you to be of some service to someone not as fortunate as you are.

Whoever you are, wherever you are, if you feel like 'getting ahead' do it now! Tomorrow might be too late! And if you start, remember just one thing.....DON'T GIVE UP!

No man can be happy until he has learned to enjoy what he has and not to worry over what he does not have.

__ *__* *__* *__*

Real Estate Agent, showing couple a house just about to fall down: "You can do a lot with this place if you're handy with money."

__ *__* *__* *__*

Royal Messenger to two cannibals about to heave a luscious blonde into the kettle: "Hold it! The chief wants his breakfast in bed!"

POOR ME!

Douglas Morgan

** ** **

GR^EAT strides have been made in the fields of curative medicine. Infantile paralysis is virtually conquered, as is tuberculosis, diphtheria, etc. etc. Major advances have been made in the treatment of cancer, and a complete cure may be just around the corner. This is wonderful, and we are happy that these scourges are becoming things of the past.

When a person feels hot and feverish, or breaks out in a rash, he sees a doctor. He realizes that something is wrong and he does something about it. That is, if he is wise. Possibly the doctor will inject into his bloodstream the products of the brains of Salk or Fleming in order that the bug attacking his constitution may be overpowered. Soon, he is well again.

In this place, many of us are suffering from a disease which has crept up on us so insidiously as to be undetectable, and when firmly established, so affects the mentality that the victim, far from thinking HE is ill, thinks that he is perfectly all right and that everyone ELSE is sick.

This disease, often obvious when affecting others but totally undetectable by the very person luxuriating in its caressing tentacles, is known as Self-Pity. No vaccine can repel the ravages of this sickness, a sickness which, although not a killer in the sense that some cancers kill, so upsets the normal function of the brain that the victim becomes completely miserable and, sometimes, unbalanced.

Is the prevalence of self-pitying individuals in this penitentiary an indication of the demoralizing effects of the place, or is it an indication that people who commit crimes and get sent to penitentiaries are more prone to wallow in the mire of self-pity than are 'normal' people? Personally, I favour the latter conjecture if only because many newcomers to prison are sunk in the depths of self-pity before the influence of walls and bars have had time to take effect.

Self-pity is the greatest single obstacle to reformation or—to avoid use of a word which has been overworked—maturity. I use the word 'maturity' deliberately because, generally speaking, it is only the immature who commit crimes. In the manner of the person unable to face reality, who is deathly afraid of the world, and who curls up, foetus-like, in

some hidden closet, so does the victim of self-pity mentally crawl into the comfortable, warm security of a nebulous womb. Whilst in this comatose state, he cannot be subjected to influences which would tend to reform.

How many times have you read in prison publications that lament: "I wasn't given a chance," "I couldn't find work," "The John Howad Society didn't help me," etc. etc.? There is no denying that in certain cases these explanations are reasonable; some poor individuals just do not get a fair chance. But, how refreshing it is to read, on the regrettably few occasions when they appear in print, such statements as: "I abused the chances I was given, so many times, that it is no wonder society no longer has confidence in me," or, "I let down my employer so badly, so often, that he really can't be blamed for not taking me back." In the latter is seen the realistic approach, in the former the opiating effects of self-pity.

Often self-pity so distorts the reasoning of the sufferer that his whole outlook on life is changed—for the worse. When he first is imprisoned he might have the common sense and maturity to realize that he is paying for acts which, in every sense, were wrong. Provided that he maintains that attitude, there is every possibility that he will not be so foolish in the future: but if self-pity creeps in through the back-door of the brain, then common sense flies out through the window. No longer is he in for some wrong that he has perpetrated: it is society that has a 'down' on him, the Crown Attorney had a personal grudge, the jury was biased against him. The root-cause of his predicament is submerged in the blanket of fog that self-pity has conjured up in his mind. He now has a grudge against society that has treated him so shamefully. If he is in prison for being a thief, and if he screams invective when a package of tobacco is stolen from his cell, it matters not — that is different! The parallel of his ire at having his property stolen, with the indignation and recourse to the law of the people whom he robbed, fails to penetrate the stultifying mists of self-pity.

Although it is so very easy to become irritated with the whinings of the persons feeling sorry for themselves, to express one's feelings would probably do no good. But if the sufferer can be made to look around him, to take some interest in his fellow men, he will receive the jolt in the arm which might set him on the road to recovery. He will see that a great many of his fellows are in a worse position than he is.

One Man's View

Ray Smith

I NUMBER myself among the countless hundreds who are striving towards an ampler and larger life upon release from prison, and this is a problem we must all face. But the point is, how do we face it, how do we prepare for it? For a long time I have been giving this matter a great deal of thought, and here are a few of the answers I came up with. These are my own frank opinions: you may not agree with them, nevertheless I offer them, free.

We must realize that in our striving towards a fuller life, even if success were assured in the long run, entails more painful than pleasurable feelings. The environment of the outside world is largely social, and to survive, we must appropriately adapt ourselves to this environment. I would like to point out three ways which I think point the way to social success after release. Now of course there may be other ways, but I'll leave these for you to write or think about.

My three ways are (1) Religion, (2) Determination, (3) Preparation. First, we must all agree that many of us need instruction in social ethics, moral standards and social conventions, if we want to add quality to our lives. Likewise, we must all agree that if we do not wish to add quality to our lives, our social perspectives are very narrow.

I am not trying to be a social saviour who can conjure up a picture of a glittering Utopia for the imprisoned man, but on the other hand, I do not go along with some of the things I have been reading in the penal press over the past year. Stories of how an inmate doesn't think he can become a social success because they only give you one shower a week in the penitentiary, or the tale about how \$20.00 gratuity goes the first day on room rent and razor blades make controversial reading, and while I am not trying to minimize these very REAL problems, I would just like to express my feelings that the road to

success begins with self. We must take a good look at ourselves and start from there.

Getting back to the three ideas, let's start with religion. This is serious: if we are wrong about this and act upon it, we are going to land ourselves in grave and terrible trouble. But then, if we are right about it and act upon it by trusting in God, social success is assured. When you reflect for a moment, you realize that many inmates do not feel they are ready to meet this very terrible and searching challenge.

So we move on to point two, determination. Here we are 'determined' to stay out of jail, come hell or high water. We do not prepare for release, we just plan to become a social success due to our strong will and determination. Men have been known to choose this way because they are too lazy to investigate the harder roads to social freedom. Nevertheless, some men who have chosen this way have become good citizens.

Now comes number three, preparation. It would be wise if more men and women were to investigate this route. When we reach a decision about how we wish to spend our lives, and if we decide to 'go straight,' start right then to prepare yourself for the future. Everyone wants to add quality to his life, and you can only add this quality by preparing yourself through study. I cannot picture any man, inside or out, who does not desire happiness, so how does this preparation business work out? Let me offer you an example.

The miser begins by desiring money on account of what it will buy, and ends up by desiring it for its own sake: the inmate begins preparing for social success because it will contribute to his own happiness, and ends up by desiring happiness on its own account.

If we wish to add quality and breadth to our lives upon release, I think the time to prepare ourselves is now. It could be that you do not agree, or that you don't care: but whether you agree or not, ask yourself this question. "Am I still labouring under the delusion that there are rooms for rent on Easy Street?"

If the answer to this question is "yes," you had best start back at the beginning, and have another good look at yourself.

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Abraham Lincoln was once confined to the White House with a bad cold. A congressman, who had called to express his sympathy, was interrupted in the middle of his solemn words by the President, who had said laughingly: "Well, I expect colds." Looking down at his large feet, he continued: "There's so much of me on the ground, you know."

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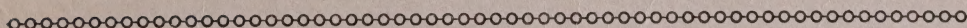
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PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE

Haunting Love

When you are old, drowsing in the sun,
Sit nodding, with a book upon your knee,
Watching the withered leaves drop one by one
As I now dream of you, then dream of me.

For when at last the crucible of time
Distills what once was passion into peace,
There comes an end to laughter and to rhyme,
The pulse will slacken and the madness cease.

But think not, though my ashes be interred,
You can escape me! Look into the fern
Upon your terrace; watch the maple bough,
Or listen to the wind and hear my word.

You are not quit of me; I shall return
To haunt you then as you do haunt me now.

Selected

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